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JULY 5, 1974

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Wm. F. Buckley Jr. on The Bugging of Kissinger
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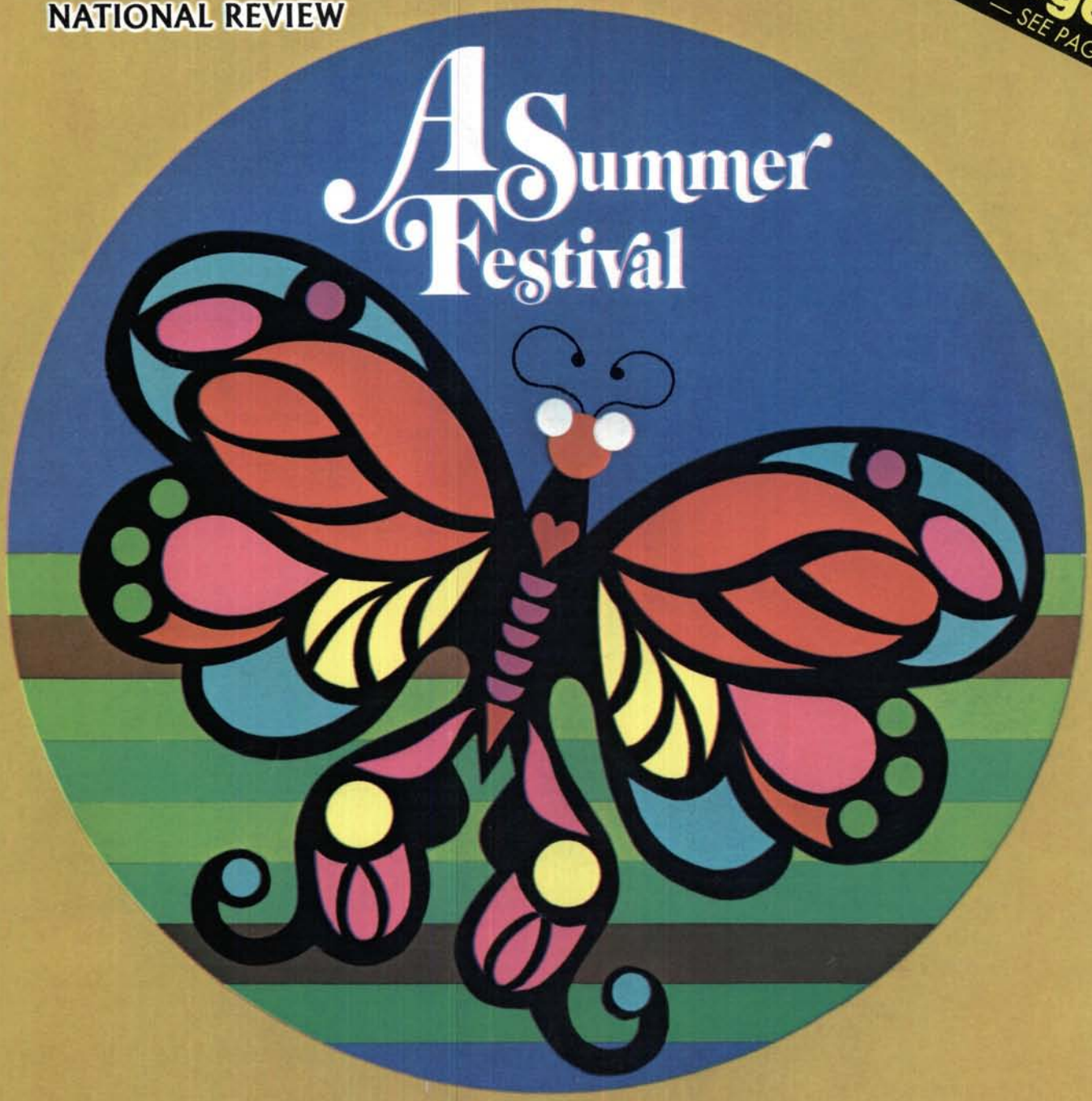
NATIONAL REVIEW



Block That Expletive! The Future (Presidential) Tapes
The History of Lega ...004

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Those bridges we're building are marked

NATIONAL SUICIDE

Military Aid to the Soviet Union

by Antony C. Sutton

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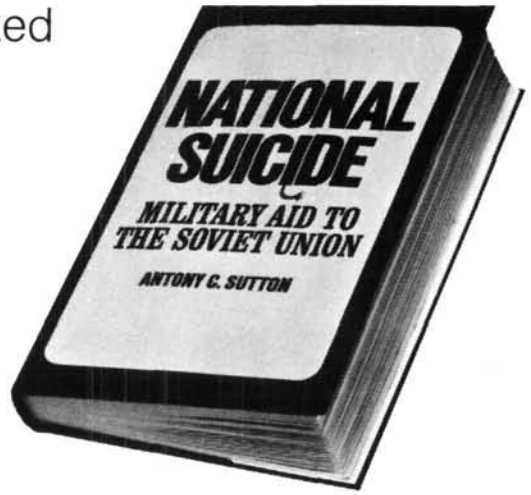

You may read this book and think the author "dreamed a dream that could not be." For Antony Sutton, research fellow at the Hoover Institution, Stanford University, proves that *there is no such thing as Soviet technology*—only American and allied technology on Soviet soil. Technology that killed American boys in Korea and Vietnam.

Bridgebuilding to Communist Russia is nothing new. It started early in 1918. With mountains of documentation Mr. Sutton shows that 90 to 95 percent of Soviet technology since 1918 has come from America and its allies . . . that we've built for, or sold, or traded, or given outright to the Communists everything from copper wiring and motor vehicles to combat tanks, missile equipment and computers . . . that we are today giving equipment to build the world's largest heavy-truck plant (output: 100,000 ten-ton trucks per year—more than *all* U.S. manufacturers produce in a year) . . . that "peaceful trade" is a myth . . . that to the Soviets all goods are strategic. All this, to create and maintain an enemy that we annually spend $80 *billion* to defend against.

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- The big Red merchant marine sails on—compliments of Uncle Sam.
- Stalin gratefully acknowledges Uncle Sam's assistance in building Communist industry.
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- The West's largest single supplier of computers to the USSR.
- State Department's "innocent" student exchange program. What Soviet students study in America. What Americans study in Russia.
- Named: the probable originator of bridgebuilding.
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- Detailed list of 96 Soviet ships used to supply North Vietnam.
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*

Letters

Under Mideastern Eyes

John W. Bowling's "Keep Your Eye on the Middle East" [June 21] is one of the most chilling pieces I have read in recent years. I suppose what makes his thesis so much more frightening than the standard doom-saying is that it is so plausible: entirely plausible, in fact. Why *should* the Arabs stop using their dandy new weapon, unless we are prepared to use force against them, which we are not? Only if they saw us as protecting them against the militarily superior Israelis would we have an advantage; but they do not, since they do not realize the Israelis are superior.

I hope those of your editors who are pushing an "evenhanded" Mideastern policy have read Mr. Bowling's article and pondered its implications.

Armonk, N.Y. LEO SPENCER

Of Ms. and Women

The wonderfully worded soliloquy by M. J. Sobran Jr. on *Ms.* Magazine ["Of *Ms.* and Men," May 24] was familiar, if not very edifying. Like most men, he concentrates on *Ms.*'s style. One excellent reason for the existence of *Ms.* is that it offers a forum for opinion which, reasonable to a man or not, was previously unavailable to the general reader on a nationwide scale. It seems to me that a genuine conservative would applaud the availability of different opinions, if only in the hope that he may surprise himself and learn something new.

Ms. provides another badly needed service by questioning deceptive, distorted and *condescending* advertising practices. The next time you cringe before a commercial which depicts you, the consumer, as a functional cretin, you might thank *Ms.* for gently nudging marketing genius in the direction of reason.

There are many things about *Ms.* that I dislike, but my major objection is peripheral, a matter of style. Actually, Mr. Sobran and I take an identical approach: I just admit it.

New York, N.Y. JAMES W. SHARBUTT

Thank you for publishing Mr. Sobran's analysis of *Ms.* Magazine. You've at least made a start toward giving the insidious "Women's Movement" the serious attention it deserves.

Now, if you could only persuade your subscription department to address me as "Mrs." instead of "Ms." . . .

Arlington, Va. HELEN R. BLACKWELL

Now if only our computers were more tractable . . . —ED.

Baby Chicks and Ralph Nader

Permit me to offer a comment or two upon Walter Wriston's marvelous little essay, "Whale Oil, Baby Chicks, and Energy" [June 7]. It has been a long time since I have seen so much good sense crammed into such a small space (even in NATIONAL REVIEW).

No matter how pure and noble their motives at the outset of their eleemosynary exercise, those who would protect the public from every inconvenience, real or imaginary, end up by becoming tyrannical as they scramble to protect their own citadels of power.

In reality our protectors despise the rest of us as being helpless to handle our own affairs individually, while at the same time creating conditions designed to induce and perpetuate this state of helplessness.

So many of us have become accustomed to the fiction that government is all knowing and all powerful and all compassionate that we have docilely submitted to this tyranny without understanding that we have done so. As a consequence we may have literally lost the national will to do the right but unpleasant things necessary to restore a balance to our affairs.

Morton Grove, Ill. JOSEPH T. GILL

Addendum

Re "Honor Roll" (of economists who opposed wage and price controls) ["The Week," May 24]: one of the problems encountered in attempting to have an all-inclusive listing of specific people or events is the lister oft neglects a listee. For the record, one economist "who [has] publicly opposed wage-price controls from the beginning," and who has publicly and continuously opposed big government's trampling on individual political and economic rights, is Wesley H. Hillendahl, Vice President and Director of Business Research, Bank of Hawaii, the 50th state's

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largest financial institution. I trust the editor listeth.

Honolulu, Hawaii SAMUEL MORGAN SLOM

Pot and Its Enemies

This spring NATIONAL REVIEW printed two items in "The Week" [Feb. 1 and March 29] regarding marijuana. Both apparently were taken from press releases; one from Dr. Nahas of Columbia, the other from Senator Eastland. I have come to expect higher standards of scholarship from you.

My object is to question the epistemological process by which America's foremost intellectual defenders of freedom are regularly deceived by certain ideological opponents of freedom. To be very blunt, conservatives have been used by the narcotics police and their ideological allies. While 300,000 arrests per year are both cruel and politically dangerous, I am resigned to a painfully slow evolution in the law. I am not resigned, however, to my failure to communicate with those whom I love and respect.

Now I have never based my position on the assumption that marijuana is harmless. Consequently, it is not my objective to change your attitude toward drug use —particularly by adolescents, or late adolescents such as myself. But given the present political environment and the known inclinations of your readers you should employ on this subject your usual rigorous intellectual standards. I quote: "Really it is an abject form of capitulation, to permit yourself to be dominated by the thought and analysis of your enemies. But it is very hard to break away from the habit because, among other things, it requires that you face the truth about yourself, and to face the truth about yourself is a very very painful thing to have to do—WFB, *NR*, April 26."

Fort Worth, Tex. RICHARD C. COWAN

P.S.: A new steppingstone theory: I was an atheist when I started smoking pot. I am now a Christian. Ergo: marijuana leads to Heaven. Heavy. Heavy.

Inoculation

I enjoyed D. Keith Mano's review of *The Exorcist* [April 12]. However, although it was one of the more intelligent pieces I have read on the subject, it unfortunately added to the cumulative effect of all the other reviews: to whet curiosity, to stir up interest—in short, to take one to the ticket office. I would like to begin where Mr. Mano left off—with the rhetorical question, "Who will exorcise us from *The Exorcist*?"

Let's not play pattycake, friend. I have not seen *The Exorcist* nor do I intend to see it. Mr. Mano observes that "evil presumes a free will. Regan has none." The true possession is not the possession of little Regan. It is the possession of the audience. They have chosen to be defiled. Why? Mostly, I suspect, because it does not occur to them that they have a valid choice. They are so thoroughly brainwashed by the consumer culture that they can imagine only the right (given to them as citizens of a free liberal society) to see what they wish to see. It is quite beyond them to realize that they also have the right *not* to see.

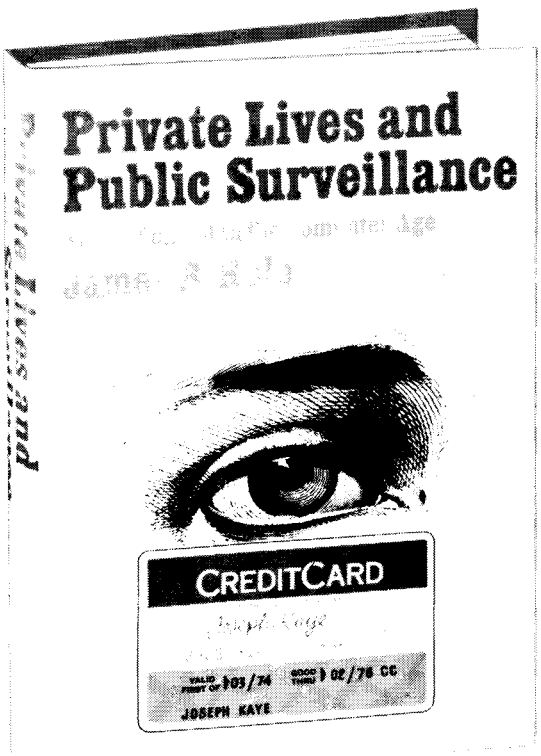
Book reviews and movie reviews are sometimes like injections of dead or weakened viruses—they should be sufficient to prevent further exposure to the source of contamination. Of course, those who suffer from nobody-can-tell-me-what-I-can-see-itis insist on having the whole disease. I have friends who say to me: "Well, how do you know if you haven't tried it?" How do I know I wouldn't enjoy seeing Christians fed to lions? Somehow I know I wouldn't.

With the death of censorship and the loss of the Church's power in this area, we must all become capable of self-censorship. Who will exorcise us from *The Exorcist*? Don't pay to see it and it won't even exist.

Nantucket, Mass. E. ROUAULT

In the Course of Human Events

The excerpt you printed from the *Seat Belt System Owner's Guide* ["The Week," May 10] was delicious. But even as the tears of laughter were trickling down my face, it occurred to me that the govern-



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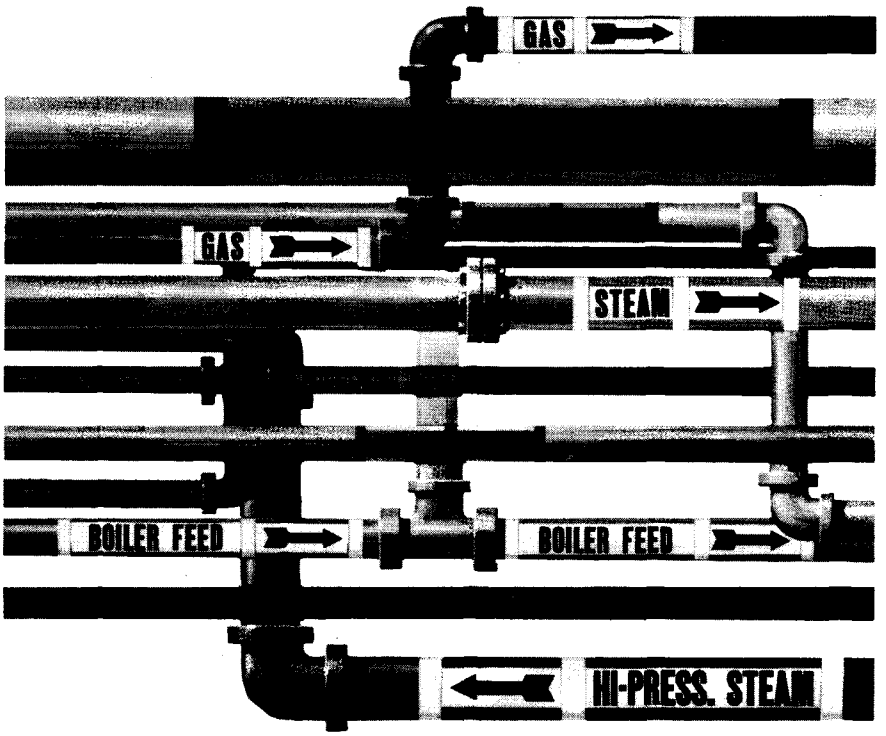
Some pointers for safer piping



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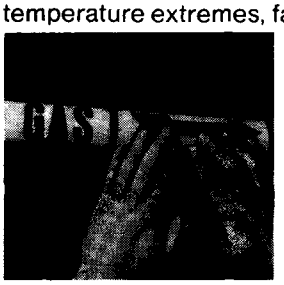

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ment has something yet worse in store for us: air bags.

There is exactly one excuse for requiring passengers to fasten seat belts: it might possibly reduce the number of secondary accidents. Air bags, on the other hand, so far from preventing secondary accidents, would almost surely cause them.

It is incredible that Americans, known for their individualism, have become so passive that a group of bureaucrats can impose this tyranny upon us, and be allowed to go on bureaucratizing. Which leads me to my proposal for our 1976 Bicentennial celebration. In honor of our ancestors, who broke with England over less, let us, on July 4, take all the newly installed air bags and throw them into Boston Harbor. And let us then, while we are at it, throw all the bureaucrats into Chesapeake Bay.

Besides getting rid of the bureaucratic encumbrances, such an act might, just might, reinfuse Americans with some of the spirit of freedom we seem to have lost.

Cambridge, Mass. BOB TILLIARD

Bravi

Huge thanks to David Brudnoy for his illuminating column on "Rock" [June 21]. I couldn't agree more. Long live Stephen Sondheim!

I also enjoy Mr. Brudnoy's movie reviews (whether I agree with them or not).

Philadelphia, Pa. JANET HERRING

Re S. L. Varnado's "Fear Fans Out" [April 26]: thank you—what a treat to read a purely silly funny article! I hope we'll be hearing from Mr. Varnado often.

Oak Park, Ill. MARCELLA MURPHY

Seventh Crisis

At first I read with amusement the divergent responses to Senator James Buckley's call for the President's resignation. It was not so easy to smile after reading Mr. Ronald Swartley's letter [April 26]. Rightly or wrongly, I sensed a pathos and point of view more typically American than those represented by the other letters.

How can we reassure Mr. Swartley? There are millions of us who still admire the presidential accomplishments and do not condemn the President for unproven sins. And never mind the counsel of our fellow conservatives who are strongly pro and con on practical political grounds. It is easier for most of them to express their opinion (excluding such as Senator Buckley, who is at considerable hazard) than for those of us who feel stabbed in the back.

Perhaps the only consolation is no real consolation at all but a reminder that we, as conservatives, continually face challenge, and must take this one in stride. If the President resigns, is impeached and convicted, or in any way fails to measure up, we may switch our allegiance to other people but *not* to other principles. If he is

(Continues on page 733)

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NR NATIONAL REVIEW VOL. XXVI No. 27 JULY 5, 1974

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . summer, and pleasing diversions from the serious seasonless constant that is Watergate, wallowing in which now enters its third year. And from the Middle East where, after almost a generation, peace seems near. **John Beck** will entertain and we hope seduce you with a prospectively retrospective look at prostitution—less fiction than prophecy. Or at least a lesson on the inverse relation between government regulation and freedom. John Beck caught the eye of the Herbert Hoover Memorial Library Association with an essay on "The Moral Imperatives of the American Free Enterprise System of Risks and Rewards" and will be sent by the Association to the September meeting of the Mont Pelerin Society in Brussels. . . . Things could be worse, **Elliott Miller** concludes, and have been. But now he discerns a definite trend toward a more positive attitude in American culture. Look out, *Joy of Sex*, your days are numbered. Mr. Miller graduated from Harvard College, has a PhD from Ohio State University, and has taught at Urbana College in Ohio. . . . **S. L. Varnado** is back with another sidesplitter on Watergate (well, some things you just can't get away from): presidential tapes—1980. The transcripts will never be the same again. . . . Death is a constant too: **WFB** celebrates the life of Sir Arnold Lunn who wrote for *NR* for 13 years and who died on June 2 at the age of 86. . . . **James Burnham**, back from a trip to Yugoslavia, finds his first visit in a European Communist state distinctly odd. He writes about what he saw in this issue, and will analyze the meaning of it all in the next. —DO

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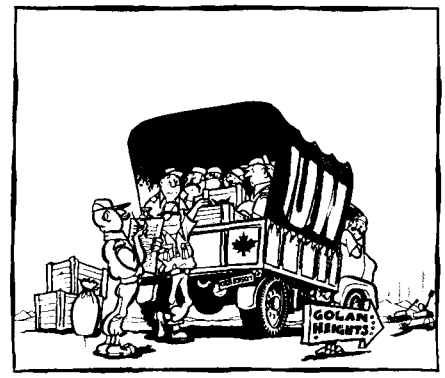
FOR THE RECORD

■ Should he shouldn't he? The **Harris** poll indicates for the first time that more than 50 per cent of the people —52 to be exact—want **Richard Nixon** to be removed from office, but the **Gallup**, published the same day, shows only 44 per cent want him out, a drop of four points since early May. . . . Another poll taken in California shows 51 per cent of the people think the **media** have given too much space/time to Watergate, 41 per cent think the media have treated Nixon unfairly. . . . **Evans & Novak** think the White House strategy of polarizing the **Rodino** committee along party lines is succeeding. They conclude that an impeachment vote in the committee along partisan lines will be a big help when the question reaches the House. . . . **Mike Mansfield** has gloomy news for his colleagues. If the House votes impeachment, says the Majority Leader, he will put the Senate on a six-day week. "One way or the other I want to see it completed this year." . . . Sen. **Walter Mondale**, who is running hard but not so effectively for the Democratic nomination in 1976, predicts that Nixon will veto the liberal Legal Services Corporation bill "to placate those whom he may need later this year should an impeachment trial occur."

■ In the Democratic presidential sweepstakes: **Hubert Humphrey**, who had been more or less ostracized by radical chic types back in 1968, has just received the AFL-CIO COPE's highest award for never voting "wrong" on a single issue selected by COPE from the time he entered the Senate in 1949 to his nomination for the Vice Presidency in 1964. . . . Lots of controversy in influential black circles over Negro Mayor **Charles Evers'** endorsement of **George Wallace** as a vice presidential candidate in 1976. The Rev. **Jesse Jackson**, a former Martin Luther King associate, says Evers is wrong,



Jones, *Montreal Star* *Rothco*

"Steel helmets, side arms, four leaf clovers, horseshoes . . ."

that Wallace has not changed, and that blacks should organize to stop a Wallace candidacy. . . . Hardliner Sen. **Henry Jackson** has accepted an invitation to visit Mainland China early in July where the Communist *World* is certain he will plot anti-detente with the "Chinese anti-Sovietists." . . . In other races this year: the August primary will see Alaska's only three governors ever in a crowded field. Incumbent **William Egan** will run in the Democratic primary and former Republican Govs. **Walter Hickel** and **Keith Miller** will be in the GOP race. . . . **Mark Gartley**, a former POW who was released to antiwar activists in 1972, and whose mother was active in the antiwar movement, has won the Democratic primary in Maine to run against liberal Republican congressman **William S. Cohen** (the most anti-Nixon Republican on the Judiciary Committee). Gartley has said no thanks to incumbent Cohen's suggestion that they suspend all campaigning until October 1. That suggestion, says Gartley, "seems a bit one-sided." . . . An early *Boston Globe* poll shows liberal Republican Gov. **Francis Sargent** trailing his Democratic opponent **Michael Dukakis** 36 per cent to 50 per cent, which may be why Sargent no longer supports the Massachusetts school busing law. He would like to replace it, he says, with freedom of choice legislation. . . . And in New York, former Attorney General **Ramsey Clark** is, if you please, suing the Liberal Party, for not endorsing him. The Liberals, as usual, endorsed **Jacob Javits**.

■ Soviet dancer **Valerii Panov**, now safely in Israel, reveals that he was imprisoned for ten days in 1972, during Richard Nixon's last visit to Moscow, presumably to keep him from trying to talk to the Nixon entourage. . . . American Jewish sources report the Soviet Union has disconnected the telephones of all **Jewish activists** in the past couple of weeks, probably in preparation for this year's Nixon visit. . . . Exiled Soviet writer **Vladimir Maksimov**, now in Paris, says the Kremlin is exiling rather than imprisoning its leading dissidents because the "political overhead," that is, the pressure of world opinion, would be too great if it took harsher measures. Maksimov also says most of the banned Soviet literature that the Soviet people hear about comes to them over foreign radio broadcasts. . . . Incidentally, a lot of **Solzhenitsyn**'s papers and photographs have disappeared from the home of one of his translators in Moscow. The theft occurred after the housekeeper had been lured out of the apartment by a phony telephone call. . . . The Swedish newspaper *Dagbladet* says Solzhenitsyn is now writing a movie script about uprisings in Russian prison camps in the 1950s. It will be called *The Tanks Know the Truth.*

■ The spit and polish **Royal Jordanian Army band** (white uniforms and red Arab headdresses), which struck up John Philip Sousa's rousing "Washington Post March" to welcome President Nixon to Amman, got the word. The President departed to "Stars and Stripes Forever."

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 730)

exonerated, we are entitled to look at one another and grin.

Rochester, N.Y. MID BROADWELL

I read all 600-odd nauseating pages of the *Presidential Transcripts* and was, while not surprised, appalled. Then I read the May 24 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW and was truly dismayed; bemused; and, yes, surprised. With the single exception of George F. Will's column, one searches the issue's pages in vain for any expression of indignation at the total lack of moral sense evidenced in the presidential conversations, to say nothing of the opprobrious political atmosphere that prevailed. Indeed, the thrust of *NR*'s assessment is, unfortunately, indicated in the passage which reads: "In that March 21 transcript, the question of the million-dollar hush money payment to and possible clemency for the Watergate defendants comes up. [Note how *NR* deftly combines hush money and clemency considerations —falsely.] Here the available text, upon analysis, appears to support fully the President's claim that he vetoed both." Then *NR* goes on to select one example which, taken out of context, might support such an appraisal, conveniently ignoring the remainder of that particular conversation as well as the preponderant evidence to the contrary available elsewhere in the transcripts.

Now it would make as much sense to conclude after examining a moon rock that there was still room for reasonable disagreement as to whether the moon is made of green cheese, as to admit after an examination of the documents in question that there may be room for reasonable disagreement regarding the President's culpability.

There are several points of view from which to consider Watergate and the attendant question of impeachment: one is the strictly and narrowly legal; one is the political; one is the—dare we use the word?—moral. It constitutes a genuine disservice to the readers, I believe, for *NR* to choose one point of view, and that the most narrow, and ignore the others.

Conservatives are fond of observing, correctly, how convenient it is to take a given issue and isolate it by placing it in the realm of the "moral" and, thereby, rendering it beyond the pale of legitimate consideration. The time has come, I believe, for NATIONAL REVIEW to take the lead, without degenerating into sanctimoniousness (which need not transpire), in placing the assessment of Richard Nixon and his role in Watergate, along with the question as to whether he should be impeached and convicted, in the moral frame of reference where, for the ultimate safety of the Republic, it belongs.

San Francisco, Calif. NEIL G. BARCLAY

(Continues on page 775)

Winning in the worst way.

"In emphasizing the limitations of political game players—and the need for more attention to government by philosophy and less to government by politico-tactical calculation—JAWS OF VICTORY is stimulating, provocative and insightful, and demands our concerned attention."
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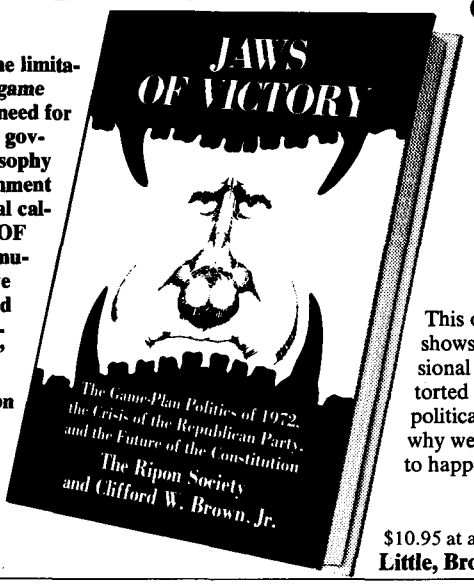
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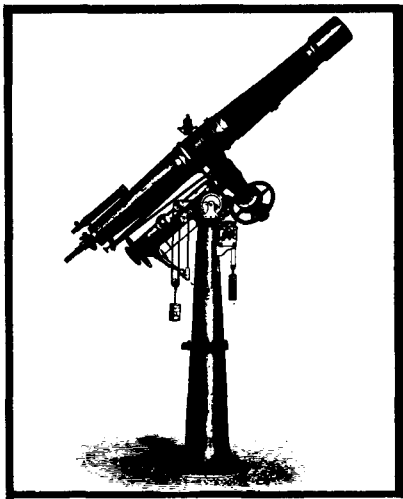

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THE WEEK

■ THE PERILS OF INFLATION DEPARTMENT: "Here, catch!" said Mr. Harold Krause of Grass Valley, California, playfully wadding up a hundred-dollar bill and tossing it to his wife. Mrs. Krause missed. Rusty, the family's Chesapeake retriever, snared it. When the Krauses tried to tempt Rusty to drop the bill by offering him a piece of bacon, he swallowed both. The vet could not get Rusty to regurgitate. All the Krauses could do was follow Rusty around very closely for a few days and hope. In due course the bill was recovered in "usable" condition. First time we've ever heard of a dog passing funny money.

■ The politicians' rush to make public their finances is the best show since *Mondo Cane*. Here's one of the latest statements, by Democratic Governor Patrick Lucey of Wisconsin: estimated net worth, $990.924; 1973 gross income for federal tax purposes, $44,565; federal income tax, $801. Impeach Nixon.

■ Paul H. Nitze, the top Pentagon representative to SALT, has resigned, citing events in Washington. He is said to favor a hardline position in dealing with the Soviets in disarmament and to believe that the Nixon Administration is not now in a position to deal with the Soviets convincingly. There are, however, many who believe that Nitze himself has been insufficiently competitive in the arms race and they cite certain of his acts and statements dating from 1958. As a result of the objections voiced by a number of conservatives, President Nixon declined to name Nitze Assistant Secretary of Defense this spring. Even so, Nitze's departure from the U.S. SALT team does not augur well for the U.S. position. Better a soft, or idiosyncratic, hardliner than no hardliner at all.

■ The Supreme Court had decided that a state can exclude from its disability insurance program coverage of normal pregnancies. Sexist, cries the opposition. Men can't get pregnant and women can't have prostate complications, yet prostate operations are covered and pregnancies are not. Yes but, men might answer, men don't get breast cancer. Well, the women might reply, there are other uniquely or primarily male problems—circumcision, hemophilia, gout. Yes but, men could rejoin, what about ovarian cysts? On the other hand, what about ski injuries or other self-inflicted—or rather voluntary—conditions? If ski injuries, why not pregnancies? The California law in question did not discriminate against any person eligible for protection, the Court pointed out, and a state need not insure against *all* disability risks. Justice Stewart wrote for the majority: "There is no risk from which men are protected and women are not. Likewise there is no risk from which women are protected and men are not"—a conclusion that, much to the dismay of women's libbers, will probably not be affected by adoption (not yet assured) of the Equal Rights Amendment.

■ The U.S. Postal Service is putting aside night deliveries of out of town first class mail for sorting during the following day. Delivery time on first class mail has increased 23 per cent since 1969. The Postal Service continues to pay extra salaries for night sorting of third and fourth class mail, however, which mail is subsidized by a billion-dollar overcharge on first class plus an even larger direct government subsidy. The USPS does not have a legal monopoly over third and fourth class, where competition is flourishing, so it is not so surprising that first class delivery is given a lower priority.

■ Gone are the days when the FDA used to lambaste cereal manufacturers for selling products no more nutritious than their cardboard containers. The latest menace to public health is "overfortified" food, to which excess nutrients have been added (probably in response to previous FDA regulations). The FDA would prohibit the addition of fashionable nutrients like vitamins C and D for promotional purposes when there is no nutritional logic to including them in the product (such as candy or soft drinks). Suppose a nutritional logic criterion were applied to the FDA?

■ On June 16, Soviet citizens trooped to the polls to elect the 1,517 members of the Supreme Soviet, the Russian parliament. Now you know, and we know, that Mr. Brezhnev and Mr. Kosygin and the other 1,515 comrades whose names are listed on the ballots were reelected, but at the time we went to press, on the afternoon of June 19, you would not have found that out by reading the *New York Times*, the *New York Post*, the *New York Daily News*, the *Washington Post*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, the *Wall Street Journal*—all of which are perused daily by *NR*'s industrious editorial staff—because none of those journals apparently deems the election of news interest, and they are quite right.

■ Solzhenitsyn is turning out to be a devilishly difficult problem for Western radicals. In the June *Ramparts*, for example, orthodox Marxist David Horowitz tries to reassure the brethren: "No one, not even Solzhenitsyn, proposes turning back the clock to 1917. . . . The Soviet experiment has survived . . . a still powerful beacon to those in the Third World who have not yet broken the chains of imperialism and capitalist underdevelopment," etc., etc. Reading this, you can almost hear the sighs of "Amen, brother." (All Solzhenitsyn has done,

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pssst, is denounce Marxism and recommend that it be dropped as official Soviet philosophy, recommend that the assorted Soviet peoples be allowed autonomy if they wish it, recommend that support for international revolution be dropped, and recommend a return to religious orthodoxy and traditional morality. On the question of whether that constitutes the black crime of wanting to "turn back the clock," we will have to pass.) But while Horowitz tries to be reassuring about Solzhenitsyn, other radicals are running the other way. Look for attacks on Solzhenitsyn's derivation of the repressive apparatus from Marxist ideology itself, for personal putdowns of Solzhenitsyn for this or that, and especially for attacks on his religious orthodoxy and "archaic" nationalism. Solzhenitsyn's position is poison to Marxism of whatever variety, from bourgeois socialism to all points left, and Marxists more intelligent than Horowitz fully recognize this.

■ *NR*'s Canadian correspondent Donald Coxe reports that Robert Stanfield, leader of the Conservative Party, is very likely to blow it on July 8. He began as the favorite when Trudeau, having lost the support of the socialist National Democratic Party for his flimsy coalition, called an election. The big issue is inflation, but Stanfield's infatuation with wage and price controls, widely unpopular and historically discredited, has turned into an obsession, and he won't leave the subject alone. The result: an erosion of his support. "If," Mr. Coxe writes, "in the closing days of the campaign, Stanfield can satisfy the farmers and small businessmen that they will not be victimized by controls, he may yet pull off an upset. Foreign investors in Canadian oils and mines have been advised by Canadian brokerage firms to hang on until the election in hopes of a Stanfield victory that would mean fair taxation of resource industries. But at the moment, July 9 looks as if it could be the worst day on the Canadian stock exchange since Black Friday."

■ The American proposition says that all of us must bend over backward to accommodate the eccentrics in our midst. Accordingly, Little League Baseball, Inc. has amended its charter, and henceforth will permit girls to play in any of its thousands of chapters. Now that the fuss is over, of course, there probably won't be enough female Little Leaguers coast to coast to make up a single team, but never mind—for now the principle has been affirmed, and there'll be lots of time later for the federal courts to come up with a Plan.

■ The honorary degrees bestowed at graduation time usually reflect the concerns of the season—one year commencements may feature civil rights activists, the next year environmentalists, and so forth. This year there is quite a mixture. The NATIONAL REVIEW survey of *Time*'s kudos list reveals that 31 per cent of this year's honorary degrees went to women; 18 per cent to blacks; 14 per cent to journalists; another 14 per cent to Watergate figures (i.e., those whose current celebrity is wholly or largely due to their relation to the Watergate investigations—or in other words those who wouldn't be getting honorary degrees if it weren't for Watergate); 7 per cent to black women; 4 per cent to women journalists. Oddly, not a single degree was awarded to a black woman journalist associated with the Watergate story. That doesn't *necessarily* mean there was conscious discrimination. Still, one can't help wondering.

■ With $12 of invested capital, Mr. Bruce Vanier, 23, of Milwaukee has founded a small business that is already breaking even and shows promise of turning a nice profit almost anywhere. Mr. Vanier patrols the city streets on his bicycle feeding expired parking meters and leaving this note under the windshield wiper: "Hello. You have just been rescued from a five-dollar parking ticket by the Robin Hood Public Parking Aid. Your time had expired, endangering you to the perils of a

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parking violation. Could you please send one dollar so we may continue to bring this service to you and others?" Unfortunately, Milwaukee Assistant City Attorney David Felger, obviously an anticapitalist sourpuss, takes a dim view of Mr. Vanier's enterprise and is trying to shut down the business. Go to it, Robin.

■ Tacoma, Washington, may have an ecologist's dream waste disposal system in the backyard of the James Johnson family. Mrs. Johnson found what seemed to be a gopher hole there a few years ago, but couldn't find the bottom, probing with a broomstick. The hole started growing, and has now reached a depth of 32 feet and a diameter of four feet. Johnson dropped 162 old tires down the hole in an effort to placate it; all but the last few have disappeared. Neighbors with long memories recall that the hole was filled with scrap metal and gravel in the 1930s, and *that* all disappeared. The Johnsons can't afford to fill it with gravel and the city of Tacoma hasn't offered its garbage. Maybe the hole could be used to store IRS files?

Mideast Signs and Symbols

It is well known to historians that the visible activities and rituals of diplomacy may often be understood as symbols externalizing and expressing the underlying play of dynamic historical forces. Accepting this perspective, let us view the President's Mideast voyage as a set of symbols, and endeavor to translate them. The fact that the "substantive" results of the voyage—the diplomatic recognitions, cooperative declarations, nuclear agreements, etc.—had been worked out beforehand makes it all the more plausible to interpret the President's own activities as symbolic, ceremonial, and ritualistic.

1. It was the ruler of the United States who went to the Mideast rulers, not they who came to him. By the Canossa principle—the principle that illuminates the meaning of the journey of Emperor Henry to Pope Gregory at Canossa, of Chamberlain to Hitler at Munich, of Franklin Roosevelt to Stalin at Yalta—this vector means that Richard Nixon was the suppliant, that it was he who needed or wanted something more strongly than anything was wanted or needed by those who graciously stayed at home to receive him. One thing he, as representative of his country, wanted was presumably an assured supply of oil. A second was to woo the Arabs away from Moscow. It seems likely that he also, in this case, very much wanted, as an individual, the strengthening for his domestic struggle that this foreign excursion did bring him.

2. The President spent one out of seven days in Israel, the remainder in Arab countries; twice as much time in each of two of the Arab countries (Egypt, Saudi Arabia). The meaning of the symbolism here is self-evident.

3. The President brought among his offerings to Egypt's President Sadat and Arabia's King Faisal his most valuable jewel: our nuclear technology. (The fact that this was formally balanced by a similar gift for Israel is unimportant, since Israel already possesses not only a U.S.-supplied nuclear facility but one of its own fashioning that is under its own full control.)

4. The President confined himself in public to uniformly bland and unabrasive clichés. Both King Faisal and Syrian President Assad included in their public remarks blunt demands relating, especially, to the Palestinians and to Jerusalem.

5. The Henry Kissinger blowup in Salzburg was not in the voyage's prepared scenarios and conceivably is to be explained on solely personal grounds. Taken as symbol, particularly when linked to Kissinger's semi-disappearance and reported sullenness for the rest of the trip, it could presumably signify some sort of dispute or breach between the ruler and first minister.

Summing up: the language of the symbols points in the direction of a very profound change in the U.S.'s Mideast, therefore to some extent global, strategy. In direction, at least, going further than from "pro-Israel" to mere "evenhandedness," it signifies a swing in some degree toward predominance of the Arab relationship over the Israeli relationship.

It is doubtful that this incipient strategic shift is clearly understood as yet in this country, and not sure that it can be maintained when it comes to be, above all if fighting breaks out again, which is certainly not excluded. But when a turn of this sort is begun, its reversal becomes steadily more difficult to accomplish, quite apart from the intentions of those who may believe they are controlling its course.

And while on the subject of symbols: who was it who decided that President Nixon will spend half of his Soviet trip in Yalta, sleeping in the same palace where Franklin Roosevelt slept in 1945, and where he signed the Yalta Agreement?

Isolationism

Item: "Over the last two years isolationism has more than doubled, to a new high since World War II. . . . More than half of those surveyed felt that too much was being spent on defense . . . only 48 per cent would approve of the use of military force to help Western Europe. . . . There was a striking decline in internationalism among people under 30 years of age." (*New York Times*, June 16.)

In our era, one of the central and as yet unanswered questions might be put this way: can the United States sustain its vast global interests, given the dominance in its domestic culture of the middle class ethos?

Historically, our circumstance is unique. Though an American "empire" undoubtedly exists, it is, at least in substantial part, invisible to the ordinary gaze. The United States has interests, investments, clients, dependencies, and allies, but all this does not—as in the case

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of the nineteenth century British empire—color large parts of the map red. Unlike the American empire, the Soviet empire in East Europe is a highly palpable thing, though of course the Soviet imperial interest extends far beyond it. Unlike previous and other empires, that of the United States has an oddly abstract character. It does not seize the imagination or enlist the loyalties of the ordinary person.

Add to this the fact that, with the exception of the American empire, all empires have been managed by elites or aristocracies of one sort or another. The driving force behind the construction of the British empire was a powerful oligarchy that came to political and social power in the middle years of the eighteenth century. In that sense, though not of course directly, the battle of Waterloo *was* won on the playing fields of Eton. Similarly, in the Soviet empire, the Communist Party comprises a select and disciplined elite. Such elites possess the discipline, the historical vision, and the staying power in adversity that seem necessary to sustain a vast global interest.

In many ways the middle class ethos is an attractive thing, but it also tends to privatization, local and individual self-interest, and short views. During the Vietnam war, there was almost no popular recognition of the significance of that war in the global power equation. Public discussion was much more likely to get bogged down in middle class moralisms about whether Diem was corrupt, whether Ho was popular, how many political prisoners were rotting in Saigon's jails, etc., etc. It is surely significant that Senator Edward Kennedy, one of our "leaders" and a potential President, has made moralism of that kind his foreign policy trademark.

The trend toward isolationism, though it may indeed be rooted in the middle class ethos, is nevertheless seriously at variance with the actual circumstance of the United States in the world. Out of such a contradiction disaster could be born.

The Indexation Debate

Until recently, the old idea of adjusting economic arrangements to some index of inflation had failed the market test in this country. People weren't buying the idea. Union leaders, for one thing, were afraid they would not get credit for automatic pay increases. Actually, such increases are already present in many wage agreements. Some 50 million Americans now have their incomes explicitly pegged, at least in part, to the Consumer Price Index. The rise of indexing is due as much to uncertainty as to inflation itself. If people were fairly sure that inflation would stay at 10 per cent, they would simply add about 10 per cent to wage increases, interest rates, and prices. Indexing would thus be implicit, rather than formal. But nobody knows what inflation will be, and this paralyzes long term decisions and investments.

The controversy over whether or not more people should and could be protected against inflation continues to provoke vigorous debate. *Time* claims "indexing is open to a crushing objection. By enshrining a particular rate of inflation—say, 7 per cent—indexing actually increases the pressure for a greater rate. . . . The businessman who knows that the wages of his workers and the interest he pays on his debts will go up at least 7 per cent may try for a 10 per cent price boost to stay ahead." But the point of indexing is to *avoid* enshrining the current rate of inflation in long term contracts.

Enshrining a particular rate is what happens now—without indexing—when a union signs a three-year contract based on what it expects inflation to be (plus a margin for safety), or when a corporation issues bonds on the same basis. Besides, the rate of increase in the average level of prices is not determined by what individual businessmen "try for" (they always try for as much as they can get without killing sales), but by the rate of increase in monetary demand. "Perhaps the final word on indexing," *Time* goes on, "is that a crude form was tried in Germany in the 1920s, and factories wound up paying their workers daily so the workers could spend the money before it lost still more value." This must be the first time that anyone has attributed the German hyperinflation to indexing (which was introduced rather late in the game), rather than the other way around. Those famous wheelbarrows full of money were, on this theory, just a coincidence—not a cause.

Since *Time* issued its "crushing objection" and "final word" on the subject, the distinguished London *Economist* has taken the opposite position. "To be meaningful," writes *The Economist*, "indexation should cover all forms of earned, investment, and transfer income, contractual debts, and tax scales. . . . Inflation can never increase the prosperity of an economy, but comprehensive indexation can reduce its harmful effects on output and employment. . . . Indexation can also defuse an inflationary neurosis, in which fears of rising prices precipitate demands which, in their turn, cause the original unnecessary fears to materialize."

Rather than catering to nostalgia about the Twenties, *The Economist* finds some newer examples. Belgium, which currently has the lowest inflation rate (and slowest monetary growth) in Europe, is second only to Brazil in

Let Us Pray

I call your attention to Senator Dole,
A Kansan who's caught in a terrible hole.
One-half his constituents rave over Dick;
The raving remainder consider him sick.
It's probably hopeless, but let me recall,
Before he's led, blindfolded, up to the wall,
That Dole is the fellow who called Ramsey Clark
"A left-leaning marshmallow," right on the mark.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The end of the honeymoon between Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and the press may be causing Senator Edward Kennedy some worry. The press zeroed in on possible contradictions between the facts, as they are known or described by others, and Mr. Kissinger's sworn testimony concerning his involvement in secret wiretapping. The press raised the issue only after leaks from the House Judiciary Committee indicated that there are documents and tapes that seem to contradict Mr. Kissinger's testimony. But there can be no doubt that the press moved in on Mr. Kissinger with a special zeal in order to prove that it does not reserve all its zeal for the pursuit of Mr. Nixon and his cronies. Senator Kennedy knows that the Washington press corps has been baited with this question: where was all that investigative zeal at the time of Chappaquiddick? Does this mean that the press will feel honor-bound to pepper candidate Kennedy with detective-like questions: "Senator, the Coast Guard records show that the tides in the channel that night were such-and-such. Given that, how do you explain . . ."?

■ Et tu, John? John Ehrlichman, who was sort of faculty adviser to the "Plumbers," the resident White House burglars, has subpoenaed Richard Nixon, Henry Kissinger, and Alexander Haig to testify at his trial in connection with the Plumbers' burglary of the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist. If Mr. Kissinger testifies it will focus attention on his repeated assertion that he did not know that the Plumbers existed until the Ellsberg burglary became known a year ago.

■ Did you contribute money to the Nixon reelection campaign? You did? You say you gave at a fundraiser presided over by Mr. Nixon's chief fundraiser, former Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans? Well, isn't that a coincidence. Last February the Committee for the Reelection of the President transferred $3,570,000 in leftover campaign funds to a trust. Some of that will now be used to pay the nearly $400,000 in legal bills run up by Stans as he won acquittal on federal conspiracy charges deriving from dealings with financier Robert Vesco. Total legal bills for CREEP employees are at $1.4 million and rising. In addition, CREEP is going to pay $775,000 to settle a civil suit filed by the Democratic Party. It seems someone associated with CREEP broke into the Democratic headquarters, once upon a time . . .

■ Mr. Nixon may get credit for the remarkable achievement of giving milk a bad name, but milk money—money from the big dairy industry cooperatives—is still sloshing around in the political system. Since the 1972 election one out of every seven members of the House of Representatives and the Senate has received campaign contributions of milk money. A special milk industry favorite is Representative David Bowen (D., Miss.), a freshman assigned to the—surprise—Agriculture Committee's dairy subcommittee. He has received $32,000 of milk money.

■ This year the Pennsylvania Republican Party did not have its usual statewide voter registration drive. One reason: the Party was afraid that Watergate backlash would provoke a lot of Republicans, once aroused, to drop their party affiliation. . . . In 1970, in a dull, uncontested primary, Robert Ray received the votes of 144,635 Iowa Republicans—and the gubernatorial nomination. That year three Democrats, scrapping for the right to oppose him, drew a combined total of just 103,779 votes. In this year's primary Governor Ray, again uncontested, received 125,738 votes. Three Democrats scrapping for the right to oppose him received 132,537 votes. . . . The Republican Party in Minnesota is thinking of changing its name to "Minnesota Republican Party." (And not leaving a forwarding address?) The name change was suggested by State Senator Robert Stassen. Yes, his nephew. . . . James Sparling, the Republican congressional candidate in the special election in Michigan's 8th district, is going to try again in November, but this time he does not intend to invite Mr. Nixon to campaign for him. . . . Republican participation was down 315,040, Democratic participation was up 177,000 in Ohio's May 7 primary. —CATO

the extent to which index-linking is used. Finland stopped using indexing in 1970, and the inflation rate has since jumped from 5 to 8.2 per cent. But there are, of course, examples of indexation accompanying accelerating, as well as decelerating, inflation. That simply shows "that index-linking is no cure-all for inflation," says *The Economist*. "But no one ever pretended it was." Indexing is simply a device for protecting people against inflation and easing the transition from a high to a low level of inflation, thus making it politically feasible to disinflate.

Race: The Unheavenly City

For the last 20 years or so—it is convenient, at least, to use the 1954 *Brown* decision as a benchmark—the racial issue has been at the center of American political and legal controversy. The signs now multiply, however, that both exalted expectation ("I have a dream . . .") and inflamed emotions on all sides of the issue have begun to subside.

On an intellectual level, one symptom during the past few years has been the appearance of books and spokesmen who, however much they differ in theory and doctrine, have stressed the relative intractability of "the given": Jensen, Herrnstein, Banfield. In different ways and with varying degrees of persuasiveness, they and others have been saying that some problems just do not admit of solution through act of Congress or the institution of some novel program. The most recent and in some ways the most sensational contribution to this literature has been the book *Race* by John R. Baker, Emeritus Reader in Cytology at Oxford. Baker's book is controversial, of course, but it appears under establishment auspices (the Oxford University Press), and once again, significantly, the theme of intractability is central. Race, says Baker, is real; and is not to be confused with racism. It seems unlikely that Baker's book could have appeared under such auspices 25 years ago, in the wake of World War II; but times are changing.

And there are other signs. Charismatic black leadership—e.g., King, Brown, Carmichael, Malcolm X—is

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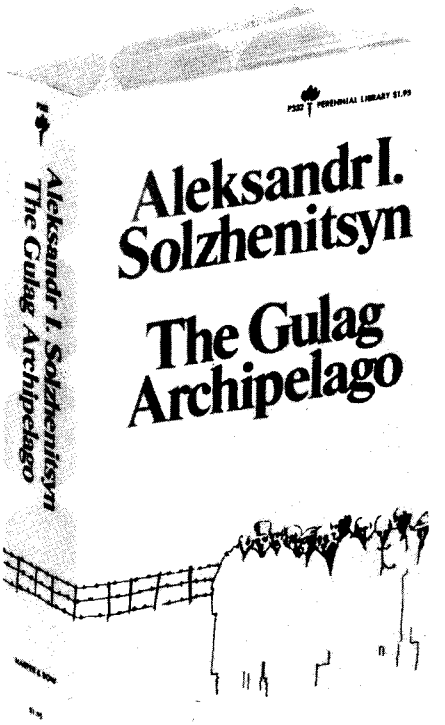
About *The Gulag Archipelago...*

Solzhenitsyn's masterful denunciation of the Soviet prison system is sure to be one of the most important and widely-read books of this generation. *The Gulag Archipelago* is a work of fact, not fiction. Solzhenitsyn brings to life, for the world to judge, the inhuman mental and physical tortures that were day-to-day realities in the Russian slave labor



camps. Already famous for his novels of Russian oppression (*The First Circle, Cancer Ward, One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich),* Solzhenitsyn reaches the pinnacle of his career in *The Gulag Archipelago.* Writing from the depths of his experience (Solzhenitsyn himself was once condemned to the Archipelago, i.e. the Soviet prison system), he has crafted a vast, horrifying account of sudden arrests often for no reason, interrogations, and the unbelievable extent to which the secret police penetrates everyday life—a world where anyone could be an informer, where a neighbor disappears overnight, never to be seen or heard from again. *The Gulag Archipelago* belongs on the bookshelf of all concerned Americans; it is fully indexed and contains a valuable glossary of Russian names and institutions.

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now practically invisible. There have come into existence a large and growing black middle class, and a substantial number of highly affluent black businessmen and professionals, most recently celebrated in *Time*. Some years ago, Daniel Bell published an essay that became famous, called "Crime as an American Way of Life," the thesis of which was that organized crime, considered sociologically, functioned as a gateway to affluence and respectability for groups on the way up. The appearance therefore of a black "Mafia," on to all the old and familiar tricks, testifies to the growing normalization of the black experience.

Yet another sign of this process is the phenomenon of countermigration. Surveys seem to indicate that at least as many blacks are moving into the South as are moving out of it, a dramatic change in the pattern that characterized the post-World War II era. There have been a number of reasons offered for this, but they are all anti-utopian. The gates of the Promised Land did not swing open in Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, or Boston. Problems remained. Life went on. To many, Atlanta or Houston seemed newly inviting.

Finally, it is significant that blacks in substantial numbers have signified a willingness to support—or rather, more precisely, to do business with—Governor George Wallace. Wallace does not offer the "moral leadership" previously the stock in trade of liberals. His goods are much more of this world: jobs, revenue sharing funds, a cut into federal programs, political tradeoffs of mutual benefit.

For the time being, at least, the rhetoricians have departed, all their revels ended. The Supreme Court could of course breathe life into them again by means of some frivolous edict. But 20 years after *Brown* the traders and power brokers have moved to the foreground, and *modus vivendi* seems the order of the day.

Busing for Christ?

John Cardinal Dearden has called upon Detroit's Catholics to make a "Christian response" to any Supreme Court ruling concerning cross-district busing for integration. Coming from His Eminence, who favors busing, this means roughly: submit. That is, Catholics should simply acquiesce in any pro-busing decison, acquiescence being the "Christian response."

This is hard counsel. The point, however, is that it is hard not as perfection is hard, but as squaring the circle is hard. The Christian tradition has always respected and exalted kinship and its duties, incorporating the common human perception that our first duties are to our own parents and children, and that our duties to others are secondary. You must love your neighbor, but not to the neglect of your own father. You must respect the rights of that neighbor's son, but this does not require you to regard your own daughter *sub specie aeternitatis*. To subordinate the good of one's own child to that of another's is not noble—it is derelict. At the very least, it can be argued that to send one's own child into a city as squalid and dangerous as Detroit, much to his detriment, and for the sole (hypothetical) benefit of another child, is in the broad sense of the word unnatural. And that is exactly how most parents in the archdiocese of Detroit do feel.

It is therefore worse than useless to exhort suburban parents to tolerate the intolerable; and it is cruel to suggest that their resistance can simply be ascribed to a defect in Christian virtue. To the extent that churchmen like Cardinal Dearden are perceived as identifying their faith with liberal superstition, that faith will be disdained as madness. As if Christ indeed had come not to fulfill, but to destroy.

Portugal: Hangover Setting In

So long as Portugal had a stable and low key regime, as it did during Salazar's antiquated dictatorship and the Caetano aftermath, it could be thought of, and nearly everyone did think of it, as a minor, third rate nation of no great importance to anyone except the Portuguese. Although many people in other nations disapproved of the regime, Portugal was not a troublesome problem and not a threat. The social explosion released by the collapse of the regime on April 25 has overturned these complacent assumptions. Portugal remains a small, backward, impoverished country, but suddenly it has become of global as well as local importance, and the potential source not merely of plenty of trouble but of a formidable threat to the security of NATO and the West.

The premise for this threat is geopolitical, and leaps to the eye from a global map. Metropolitan Portugal, thrusting into the Atlantic Ocean toward the Americas, is the southwestern fringe of the European peninsula. Portugal's deliberate policy under the Salazar-Caetano regime meant that this southwestern fringe was an organic part of Western Europe, politically, strategically, and militarily integrated into Western Europe as a whole. But if Portugal should come under anti-Western control, the strategic relationship is transformed. Portugal—with, very possibly, the rest of the Iberian peninsula swept along in this transformation—would no longer be the organic extension of Western Europe, but one jaw of a vise. Western Europe would then be held, ready for squeezing, between this and the other jaw stretching south from the line of the Oder-Neisse. This concept of the East Europe-Iberian peninsula vise, we may note, has been prominent in Soviet strategic thinking since Lenin's day, and had much to do with Soviet intervention in the Spanish civil war of the 1930s.

A second glance at the map: the overseas territories of Portugal are, geographically, the flanks of southern Africa. Southern Africa—the southernmost sector of the Great Continent or World Island (as some geopoliticians call it) formed by land-linked Asia, Europe, and Africa

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—thrusts into the southern ocean, and lies athwart the sea routes that connect the Atlantic and Indian Oceans—the routes that are essential to, among other indispensables, the transport of the petroleum that is the Western economies' life blood. There, too, anti-Western control would constitute these two flanks the jaws of a vise, encompassing all southern Africa, then threatening to transform what is now a sentry and guardpost of the West into an anti-Western base thrust across the Western lines of supply and communication.

Because of the postcoup situation in both Portugal and the overseas territories, this geopolitical transformation has become a possibility not of some remote future but of the next year or two—even the next months. The mass euphoria of the first weeks has already evaporated. The state of the economy, grim enough even before the coup, has been made very nearly catastrophic by the waves of strikes and walkouts and the utterly unrealistic wage demands. The inflation rate is at 80 per cent and climbing. But it is the political situation that is critical: the only significant organized political grouping in Portugal, when the regime fell, was the Communist cadre; and the Soviet Union has for years supplied weapons, money, training, guidance, and political support to the revolutionary liberation movements in the overseas territories that now believe they are on the verge of takeover. The Moscow Communists, along with the Maoists, Trotskyists, and Socialists, are a small minority only, so that in Portugal itself—and in different ways in Angola and Mozambique also—the question becomes: can the non-Marxists improvise some sort of political formation and structure sufficient to forestall both a total breakdown and an anti-Western Marxist takeover? It seems impossible, under actual Portuguese conditions, that such a solution could fulfill the euphoric postcoup dreams of many Portuguese and many onlookers for an idyllic and libertarian Portuguese democracy.

The new regime is almost surely going to be authoritarian. The real issue is: who is to be the authority? In the past couple of weeks the signs multiply that General Spínola and the Armed Forces Movement understand the direction that events will almost inevitably take, and are moving to bring some order into the near-chaos. He and his associates have taken control of the TV network, enacted regulations "to stop the extreme Left from subverting the movement's program in the media and in street rallies," begun attempts to curb the massive strikes, and appointed a well known banker, Vasco Vieira de Almeida, as Minister of the Economy. Some say that Nasser is Spínola's model; others, that it is de Gaulle. The Communists, who remain in his cabinet and formally support his provisional government, intend that it shall be Kerensky.

Is Everybody Happy?

Sadat's smiling, and what's odd,
So's that sourpuss, Assad.
Faisal threw a formal fête.
Knesset types are beaming, yet.
Jordan's handsome King and Queen
Gave the group the bagpipe scene.
Everybody looks benign
But those folks from Palestine.

W. H. VON DREELE

National Health Insanity

A recent Harris Poll shows 45 per cent in favor of "federal health insurance that would cover all medical and health expenses." When asked what they would be willing to pay for premiums and expenses under such a plan, the average response of those questioned was $186 a year. Only 30 per cent were in favor of a plan in which "the average married wage earner would pay $150 a year and the average employer would pay $270" a year.

What does this prove? That most people would rather have a free lunch than be stuck with the bill. In fact, a family earning $10,000 a year would begin by paying $600 to $900 in premiums for the Administration plan, plus out of pocket expenses up to a total of $1,500. Not quite the same as $186 for "all medical and health expenses." The cost of the somewhat more generous Kennedy-Mills package could hardly be any less, though the burden is neatly hidden in a combination of regressive payroll taxes (4 per cent on labor income up to $20,000; 2.5 per cent on investment income), general revenues, and state taxes. Moreover, there can be little doubt that the cost estimates for both schemes are as understated as were the hilariously optimistic estimates originally put on Medicare and Medicaid.

Ironically, just as the national health insurance bandwagon appears to have acquired irresistible momentum, many liberals are having second thoughts. "National health insurance," says an article in the current issue of *Ramparts*, "is sure to have as many negative as positive effects. . . . Like Medicare and Medicaid it will feed the galloping medical inflation. . . . The experience of Medicaid shows that financing health care for the poor does not make care available." Herbert Denenberg, writing in *The Progressive*, says, "a national health insurance bill that takes a simplistic approach to the problem—and by that I mean 'more money'—will do more harm than good." Steve Slade, in the same issue, says "the value of NHI must be weighed against the value of other social programs eliminated from consideration by NHI's high costs." Joanne Ostrow, also in *The Progressive*, worries that we may copy the British system with its "constant lack of funds, inadequate opportunities for doctors, lack of incentive for more than minimal treatment or improvement of equipment, month- and year-long waiting lists for chronic or non-urgent ailments."

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A recent Rand Corporation study concludes that national health insurance will not affect hospital care, since private insurance already covers about 90 per cent of the hospital bills. Demand for treatment in doctor's offices, however, will rise from 30 to 75 per cent—depending on the share of the bill paid by the patient. This means higher doctor's charges, says the Rand report, plus longer waits for shorter visits.

Most of those who are still pushing for one of a dozen health insurance bills seem to agree on only one important point: that the diverse health care needs of individuals must be accommodated to a single plan, and that individuals must be compelled to buy the plan politicians select. Considering the growing concern that, under any of the major bills, costs will explode almost as quickly as the quality of health care will deteriorate, it is not really too surprising that the first priority of the national health insurance lobby is to deprive consumers of any choice.

Punch Rothco

"Blimey—it can't be!"

Ready, Set . . .

TOWARD MAKING EVERYTHING PERFECTLY CLEAR ON THE FOUR-PARTY NEW YORK POLITICAL SCENE. Last weekend . . . the Republicans, at their convention, renominated Governor Malcolm Wilson. Wilson also got an overwhelming majority of Conservative Party votes, but T. David Bullard, an upstate farmer, says he will challenge him in the September primary. Senator James Buckley, who is both a Conservative and a Republican, has endorsed Wilson, but not Senator Jacob Javits (ADA 80), who is a Republican in name but no conservative. Javits got the Republican and Liberal senatorial nod. The Conservatives endorsed Barbara Keating, a Vietnam war widow, to oppose Javits. . . . The Democrats, displaying what has been aptly described as an "instinct for their own jugular," endorsed "Howie the Horse" Samuels, former Off Track Betting czar, for governor, after Republican-turned-Democrat Ogden Reid dropped out of that race. But Samuels will be challenged in the September primary by Congressman Hugh Carey (ADA 72) who has the support of Allard Lowenstein's (we'll get back to Lowenstein in just one moment) far left New Democratic Coalition. Black Caucus member Shirley Chisholm is for Samuels, Black Caucus member Charles Rangel for Carey. For the Senate, the Democrats made a pro forma nomination of Syracuse Mayor Lee Alexander (their heart really isn't in running against Jacob Javits, and why should it be?), but—here he comes—Allard Lowenstein will challenge Alexander in the September primary and so, if he gets enough names on his petition, will Ramsey Clark. (It will be a scramble between Clark and Lowenstein to see who ends up most left.) Clark was nominated emotionally by Frank Serpico who called "for a pulling of the hearts and minds together in order to prevent a pulling of the triggers together," and the nomination was seconded by Herbert X. Blyden, no stranger he to triggers, who is fittingly now under indictment for two murders in the Attica prison riots. Meanwhile, Ogden Reid, who—you remember now—had dropped out of the *gubernatorial* race, was asked if he had any interest in the *senatorial* race and when he said yes—but only if he had 1) no primary opposition (Clark and Lowenstein and Alexander notwithstanding), 2) half a mil in guaranteed campaign funds, and 3) a Democratic IOU for the senatorial nomination in 1976 against James Buckley—was turned down. Did Carey want it, the kingmakers asked. Not he. "I've been a member of the House Ways and Means Committee and I would consider the Senate a demotion. Can you imagine being a junior senator to James Buckley?" Bella Abzug wore her fedora.

Notes & Asides

■ Senator Barry Goldwater
United States Senate
Dear Bill:

. . . You're right that the Watergate business gets tougher and tougher. I think NATIONAL REVIEW has handled the story very well: insisting on fairness to the President, but also insisting that conservatives have no stake in coverup, or injustice. You have served your readers very well, and I hope you'll invite me to your 20th Anniversary dinner. With all the best,

Barry

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■ (CULTURAL LAG IN THE SOVIET UNION DEPT.)

SOVIET PUBLISHES
PRO-STALIN WORK
Study in Youth Magazine
Encourages Adulation

MOSCOW, *June 15—The most ardently sympathetic literary portrait of Stalin to appear here in years is being given mass national circulation in a literary magazine for young people.* —New York Times, *June 16, 1974*

"Directly behind Lenin's tomb is the simple slab beneath which are the remains of Josef Stalin, removed from alongside Lenin soon after the anathematization in the late Fifties. But Stalin is gradually rising from the dead. Only a month or so after we dallied over his perfunctory slab, a bust sprouted from the ground—an enterprise which could not have required less official attention than the launching of a Soyuz moon landing. Just this year, the Soviets managed to publish an official history of World War II without once mentioning Stalin after 1945—one of those breathlessly humorless accomplishments of which they are so singularly capable, reminding us again and again and again of the undeniable vision of George Orwell. But the hagiolaters will not be forever denied, as witness the unobtrusive rise, by the Kremlin wall, of the likeness of Stalin, which like the beanstalk is likely now to grow week by week back to full trinitarian status with Marx and Lenin. For one reason because a mid-position on Stalin is, historically and morally, like coming to rest in mid-air between the diving board and the water; for another because Communism, or whatever you choose to call what it is that they practice in Russia, cannot easily allow for a ruler who, preaching Lenin, proceeded to misgovern for 25 years. Irregular performances by bad popes well after the consolidation of the Church are one thing. But you cannot announce that Saint Paul was after all a liar, a thief, and a lecher, without subverting Christianity. So, in due course, they will preach that Stalin the Prophet was despised only by the despicable."—WFB, "A Thousand and One Nights in Soviet Russia," 1970

■ Dear Bill:

The comment on Senator George Aiken on the Foreign *Affairs* Committee (*NR*, June 21, p. 678) recalls some wit's remark that only the House of Representatives has a Foreign Affairs Committee. Senators are of an age to justify their settling for a Foreign Relations Committee. Cordially,

Emerson P. Schmidt
Oakton, Va.

Emerson Schmidt! Cordially, Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Re NATIONAL REVIEW page 638, left column: you mean, "you mean, director of affairs alumnorum." Cordially,

J. C. Owen
McLean, Virginia

Positively the last in the series. —WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Since Dr. Paul J. Mahar has insulted your taste in neckties [June 7], I think it only proper to speak out in behalf of those of us who prefer the narrow tie to the current wide (and usually garish) look. The narrow tie is the only one appropriate to the man of discernment; it does not call attention to itself, it does not hide one's shirt, it takes a tie-clasp with grace, and it is easier to tie. Since narrow ties are so hard to find in most men's shops, please be advised that my wife, who makes excellent ties for me, is prepared to send you one should you ever run low. Best wishes,

Paul A. Gilster
Box 68
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Dear Mr. Gilster:

Many thanks. —WFB
National Review
150 East 35th Street
New York, 10016

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Being a devotee of NATIONAL REVIEW, I thought I might pass along an idea that could profit your periodical. Why not sell NATIONAL REVIEW sweat shirts? Any self-respecting young conservative would love to walk down the hall of his (or her) college with *NR* emblazed across his (or her) breast. The local Young Trotskyites would not know what to do next! Yours truly,

Sol Itkin
4133 W. 77th Place
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Mr. Itkin: 1) Are there enough self-respecting young conservatives? 2) The Young Trotskyites do not know what to do next even without our sweat shirts. 3) Do you really think it would work? Regards,

—WFB

How It Could Happen

The sheiks invest for 30 days,
Which makes a banker's eyeballs glaze
Because, you see, though he may squirm,
He's forced to lend the loot long-term.
The worry is a sudden call
May drive a banker to the wall,
Precipitating in his wake
The final cataclysmic shake.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Arnold Lunn, R I P

Arnold Lunn died in London on June 2, but at 86 was absolutely undaunted, though the flesh had become very weak. He was at work for the next issue of *Ski Survey* on his contribution to the Olympic Committee's history of the Games. Also on a book—this time on Lakes Thün and Brienz; on several articles, including one for this journal; and he was expecting, in America, the reissue of his book *Spanish Rehearsal*, about the civil war. His most recent article had appeared in *The Tablet* only the day before, and his son Peter, and his wife Phyllis, read it aloud to him in the hospital. I can imagine his chuckling over his words, which greatly amused him, as they did everybody else, save possibly their victims who, come to think of it, probably constituted a majority of readers. He took an unrestrained, unaffected pleasure in his work, which was amiably sarcastic, in the maieutic British tradition, wonderfully well turned, unrelenting but good-natured. He was a most serious man, who saw the humor of every situation.

His career had begun only months after graduating from Harrow, a few years after Winston Churchill. He wrote *The Harrovians*, an exposé of sorts of public school life, tame stuff by the standards of *The Fourth of June* by David Benedictus, which came along 50 years later about life in Eton; but enough to launch him as a radical young writer. His interest in sports and mountaineering dominated him in those days; and one summer before he was 22 he fell while on a solo climbing expedition. For several hours he was without help, then they found him, took him to the hospital, and he blessed himself that a) the anesthetist was incompetent and b) he understood German, because he was awake when he should have been unconscious, enough so to hear the doctors making preparations to amputate his leg. This, from his strapped-down position on the operating table, he forthwith forbade, summoning all the authority he could in his youthful voice. The result was a leg deformed, slightly shorter than the companion leg. Athletes and mountaineers of the world wondered what the competition would have been from Lunn if he had had normal legs. Because he scaled everything in Switzerland there was to scale, and raced with the early British ski teams, and was made president of the Ski Club of Great Britain over 50 years ago, and founded the prestigious Kandahar Club in Mürren. It was in those days that he conceived the idea of the slalom, which he introduced into Olympic competition where it's been a fixture ever since. As the years went on, he found skiing more and more difficult, but he persevered, and I skied with him once when he was 75 years old.

He lived in Mürren during the winter, a ski eyrie that faces, across the Lauterbrunnen valley, the Jungfrau and the dread Eiger. At Mürren he was visited by princes and paupers in his little suite at the Jungfrau Lodge, made available to him by the hotel's owner who recognized that Arnold Lunn had done more for mountaineering and skiing than any Swiss—indeed he was knighted in 1952 by King George in acknowledgment of those achievements—and that he was broke. To reach him, one rose by funicular, or took the new awesome lift, developed just in time to be exploited in one of the James Bond movies. In Mürren, where there are about 300 residents, he was the most illustrious of them all, and the most beloved and most indulged. When he was 84, Lady Lunn left to visit very briefly her aged mother and gave Arnold his detailed instructions on how he was to behave during her absence. He listened with great attentiveness and apparent docility, and the moment she was off on the funicular, he picked up the telephone and ordered the concierge to produce his skis. The concierge told him 45 minutes later that he had looked for them in vain, that they must have been lost, after ten years of neglect. But a few minutes after that, very nearly in tears, he confessed that he had hidden them at the express instructions of Lady Lunn who suspected her husband might be just mad enough to try them on.

Sir Arnold used to say that all of mankind is divided inflexibly in two classes. There are the "helpers" and the "helpees." He had discovered early in life that he was a member of the latter class, that no marriage was successful that united two members from the same class. His first wife, Lady Mabel Northcote, was a helper; and

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when she died, a dozen years ago, he wed Phyllis Holt-Needham who, in addition to all her other qualities, was a born helper: so he knew he was licked. Disconsolately he set out, using the two walking sticks on which he now depended, across the snowy path toward the Jungfrau's dining room when, suddenly remembering his wife's several admonitions, he found his hand slipping down his front to verify that he had remembered to button his fly. But experiencing nothing there at all, he concluded he had his pants on backward. It was all he could do to survive the three days of her absence, and she was never absent again, and was with him when in the early afternoon, failing to rally, he died at the Catholic Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth near London.

He must have found it an inconvenient time to die. Two days later he was to have spoken at a golden jubilee dinner of the Kandahar Ski Club, of which he had been the central figure since its founding. "Phyllis has told me not to be controversial in my speech," he had written me. "I must be amusing. I thought after the president had proposed my health as founder of the club to begin my speech saying, 'Phyllis tells me I must not be controversial. So I will begin by expressing cordial agreement with all the very nice things the president has said about me.'" He'd have laughed greatly, telling his friends this. I think he must have spent half his life laughing. During the other half, in addition to the usual things, he wrote 54 books, discovered Christianity, and, for his friends, reminded us more than any man I have ever known, what is meant when one talks about the irrepressibility of the human spirit.

HIS ROAD to orthodoxy was, as so often is the case, the road of the militant agnostic. During the 1920s he engaged in spirited debate with Christians, among them Father Ronald Knox. It was thought the exchanges with Knox were so brilliant and of such general interest that they warranted publication as a book. This was done, and Lunn and his votaries were satisfied that they had had the better of the argument. But Knox's arguments, not inconceivably by grand design, overcame Lunn himself, and presently he left the comfortable world of skepticism for a career as a brilliant and persuasive Christian apologist. (His book *Now I See*, published in 1933, was a part of the casual reading of Hugh Kenner when he was a boy, and 30 years later he wrote Lunn to tell him he had succumbed to its arguments.) It was the failure of his contemporaries to concern themselves for the evangelistic function of Christianity that Arnold Lunn could never understand, and against which he railed to the end, criticizing altar boys and popes. He remarked in a recent letter that "I expect to be the first Catholic excommunicated for orthodoxy."

He was always writing, in his private and published letters, about the Christian mission, and the importance of individual protest. As a high functionary in the skiing world during the Thirties, he had succeeded in applying pressure in behalf of Jewish athletes. Why are things now so different, he wondered. "In today's *Times*," he wrote last December on his chattering old typewriter, whose faded imprints were more difficult to discern than his quaking hand, "I have a letter. Here it is: 'Professor Obolenski's letter on the continuing persecution of Christians in Russia will remind Christians living in security of what we find it too easy to forget. Why is Christian esprit de corps so pitiful compared with Jewish and African esprit de corps? Why are there no demonstrations of Christians, ecclesiastical and lay, in Downing Street to demand the cessation of persecution in Russia, and above all why are there no Sunday prayers in Christian churches for persecuted Christians?' . . . The usual answer is that protests make things worse for the persecuted. But that depends on the protest and its backers. I achieved one positive result, with help from others, on a protest, when I got leave for Schneider to leave Nazi Austria."

THE general collapse of standards he was enough the historian not to be surprised by. But the acquiescence in their collapse by Christian ministers could not expect to do less than bring a letter to the *Times*, or to one of his friends. "Yesterday's paper recorded a case of paedophobia [a term Lunn liked to use for "fear of children"]. . . . One of the results of what is fraudulently described as the permissive society. Our age differs only in being more permissive of fornication, etc., and less permissive of any attempt to prevent youth doing what it pleases. 'The legitimate users of the playing field,' we

LUNN, Sir Arnold, lectr., author; b. Madras, India, Apr. 18, 1888; s. Sir Henry and Ethel Kingsmill (Moore) L.; student Harrow, Balliol Coll., Oxford, 1907-11; PhD, U. Zurich, 1954; m. Lady Mabel Northcote, 1913 (dec. 1959); children—Peter, John, Jaqueta; m. 2d, Phyllis Holt-Needham, 1961. Faculty, Notre Dame (Ind.) U., 1936-37; Lowell lectr. Harvard; lectr. for Brit. Council, Rome, Spain, Malta; attached to War Office, 1941; Am. High Comm. in Germany, 1953. Securer, Olympic recognition of slalom ski race; named citoyen d'honneur Chamonix, France, 1952. Knighted, 1952. Mem, Oxford Union Soc. (sec.). Clubs: Athenaeum, (hon.) Alpine, Ski of Great Britain (past pres.), Kandahar Ski. Author: *The Harrovians*, 1913; *Alpine Skiing*, 1921; *The Mountains of Youth*, 1925; *John Wesley*, 1928; *The Flight from Reason*, 1930; *Now I See*, 1933; *Come What May*, 1940; *Spanish Rehearsal*, 1937; *The Third Day*, 1945; *A Century of Mountaineering*, 1957; (with Rev. R.A. Knox) *Difficulties*, 1932; (with C.E.M. Joad) *Is Christianity True?*, 1933; (with J.B.S. Haldane) *Science and the Supernatural*, 1935; (with Garth Lean) *Christian Counter Attack*, 1969; others. Editor: *The Isis*, 1909-10; *Brit. Ski Year Book*, 1920—. Home: c/o 118 Eaton Sq., London SW 1, England

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are told by the minister about the recreation area under his charge, 'have better things to do than to arrange the disposal of the youngsters' discarded contraceptives.' Some of these youngsters are 'only 11, or 12.' . . . The moral? In this, as in all else, never blame the sinner, blame the community. The rector wrote his article 'to stimulate the community into providing more social amenities. . . . Our problem is to find better recreational facilities for these children.' Unfortunately, it may be difficult to convince these children that there can be better recreation than fornication."

He found, as other modern critics, notably Malcolm Muggeridge, have done, a high piquancy in the forms and implications of the great sexual revolution. Last summer he wrote: "The Jellicoe-Lambton scandal puts our avant garde progressives in a dilemma. You see, it is 'progressive' 1) to approve of fornication, adultery, and homosexuality; 2) to disapprove of aristocracy and aristocrats. So what is the current avant garde line when a lord commits adultery with a call girl? I see no nice solution so far as Lord Jellicoe is concerned, but as all convinced progressives are enthusiastic egalitarians, the difficulty of combining one and two might be resolved in the case of Lord Lambton, for he habitually went to bed with two call girls, which few could afford. Egalitarianism, my dear Bill, demands one man, one call girl."

His letters, even on the most solemn matters, almost always ended with a smile. "P.S. Could you tell me whether it is improper to address an American on an envelope as A. B. Smith Esquire, rather than as Mr. Smith? A newly appointed American concierge here at the hotel in Switzerland thought that 'Esquire' was a family name and assumed it must be a very large family, to judge by the number of letters addressed to different persons of the Esquire clan. All such letters were filed under 'E.' It was only when his 'E' partition was overflowing that he asked the manager just when would all these different members of the Esquire clan be arriving."

Though he mixed by preference with ski folk, and students, and indigent poets, he knew the high and the mighty, and was never depressed by finding good qualities in them. "I do wish you could have met the Princess [of Liechtenstein]. In this egalitarian age she has far far more than any reasonable allowance of charm. I know so many charm-deprived people to whom surplus charm might be allotted. I would like to be appointed Minister of Charm Allotment in the next Labor Government." But no one visiting the tiny suite in Mürren ever overwhelmed him. On one occasion Marshal Montgomery hove in, and tried to take over the Kandahar Ski Club, the flagship of Arnold's enterprises. He reminisced about it a few years later. "My own relations with Monty ended rather less friendly than they began. He was my first wife's, Mabel's, first cousin, and normally signed himself 'Bernard.' At the last Kandahar party, Robin Day of BBC was a guest, and he reminded me that in a reply to one officious letter from Monty signed 'Montgomery of Alamein, Field Marshal' I signed myself, 'Arnold of Kandahar, Snow Marshal.' " Monty gave up on the Snow Marshal, and left Kandahar alone.

I am a member of the Kandahar Ski Club. In order to qualify, it is required that you should descend that terrible mountainside in less than a specified number of minutes—too much for a skier who came to the sport in middle age. "Why are you not a member?" Sir Arnold asked me one day. I explained. Sitting at his desk, he executed a form, asked me for three guineas, gave me a Club receipt and the envied badge for my ski parka. "You are now a member." How? I asked. "Under Rule 13, my dear Bill. Nepotism."

When I say I treasure my Kandahar badge, I use the word loosely—I haven't any idea where it is, as a matter of fact. But I treasured the gesture, in context of Arnold's unfailing good humor during the afternoon and evening we would spend together every year at Mürren, and I wrote him so once. "You have occasionally implied that I had rendered you a service," he wrote back. "I have tried very hard—for it makes me more comfortable to believe you—to recall any real service that I have ever rendered to you. Of course I have sometimes made you laugh, and that is a trivial service of sorts. Our frendship dates from a banquet at which I claimed that we in England are more democratic than you in the U.S.A., that whereas you provide careers only for the talented in Congress, the House of Lords provides a career for the untalented. Well, well, if my alleged service to you is as one who has made you laugh, never in all time has a laughmaker been more rewarded. And the greatest reward is all that your friendship has meant to me."

Gratitude was the source of his energy, and of his faith, and of his humor. After commenting, in a letter last Christmas, about the indifference of men toward the plight of each other, he closed with an uncharacteristic solemnity, valedictory in its effect on me. "Every night when I curl up in bed I try not to take for granted that I have a roof over my head and a pillow below my head, and to contrast my immense good fortune in love and friendship with the millions in misery and the millions persecuted, and my letter to the *Times* is not only intended to awake Christian conscience but as a trivial token to quiet my own."

The editors of National Review extend their deepest sympathy to Lady Lunn and to his children, on the death of a devoted husband and father, an illustrious Englishman and Christian, our esteemed colleague, and my devoted friend. —WFB

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Capitol Issues

GEORGE F. WILL

Cheers

WALTER CRONKITE, traveling with Mr. Nixon, put it well. The large warm crowds that lined Mr. Nixon's motorcade and railroad routes in Egypt reminded Mr. Cronkite of the boisterous, affectionate crowds he mingled with as a young war correspondent three decades ago while covering the progress of the liberating American forces through Europe near the end of World War II.

Ah, those were the days, the uncomplicated days before Mr. Cronkite and others were referred to as "the media," before Mr. Cronkite's current medium existed, when broadcasting was radio broadcasting, when the heroes of broadcast journalism were William Shirer speaking from a blacked-out Berlin, Edward R. Murrow describing the blitz from a London rooftop, and a young comer named Eric Sevareid covering the liberation of Rome. The scenes they were describing 30 years ago today, while American forces struggled up Italy and broke out of Normandy, and their broadcast descriptions of them, are some of the most cherished memories of Americans over 50 years old—Americans who were in Europe, fighting, and Americans who were at home, listening. By God, look at those crowds strewing flowers on that tank as it clanks through the village rolling east toward Berlin. Listen to how clearly the crowd's cheering comes through the old Philco radio console.

In those days American motives were understood for the pure things they were, American deeds appreciated, American leaders respected abroad as well as at home, and although everything was not right with the world, it soon would be as the U.S. buckled down to the business of tidying up the second half of what Henry Luce was calling "the American century."

That, I think, is what Mr. Cronkite was remembering as the Egyptian crowds stirred in him a pleasant twinge of nostalgia. Mr. Cronkite must have struck a chord in an entire generation of Americans, the nation's senior generation, a generation that knows that history did not begin in February 1965, with the bombing of the American barracks at Pleiku, South Vietnam.

In 1944 the advancing American troops handed out Hershey chocolate bars and Lucky Strike cigarettes to a grateful populace. Mr. Nixon's cavalcade handed out nuclear technology. That is progress. It is also a sign of how much things have changed in that region.

The significance of Mr. Nixon's trip —and the significance is substantial, it being nonsense to dismiss the trip as "impeachment politics" just because it obviously served Mr. Nixon's "impeachment politics"—is that it acknowledges, and thereby solidifies, the changes brought about by last October's war. It is now clear—clearer now, thanks to Mr. Nixon's trip—that Israel lost that war. True, when the fighting stopped Israel had troops occupying a substantial salient on the west bank of the Suez Canal, and had occupied even more of Syria in the Golan Heights than it had occupied since the 1967 war. But the surprise Arab attack in October, and the desperate days that followed, and the terrible dislocation of the Israeli economy, and the almost total diplomatic isolation of Israel during the fighting, all forced Israel to face this fact: a nation of three million can not exist forever surrounded by 110 million humiliated and angry people.

IF YOU doubt that Egypt and her allies won the October war, the proof was on the faces of the cheering Egyptian men and women in the streets. They understood, as simple people usually do, the essentially simple significance of a grand diplomatic gesture. They understood that the President of the United States had come to visit them because they are a people to be reckoned with. He would not have come if they had lost the war. As Israel and her enemies know, any war Israel's enemies do not lose, they win. So Mr. Nixon's trip was a gesture justifying—*intended* to justify—Egyptian and Arab pride. It is absurd to dismiss, as some do, Mr. Nixon's trip as a "mere" gesture, as though gestures and other symbolic acts are inherently unimportant. Mr. Nixon's trip was a nod of respect from the biggest kid on the block and the little kids swelled with pride.

IN DECEMBER 1969, President-elect Nixon was headquartered at the Pierre Hotel in New York, and had just named a Harvard professor, Henry Kissinger, his national security adviser. But the professor was less important at that moment than former Pennsylvania Governor William Scranton, who was the President-elect's representative on a "fact finding mission" to the Middle East. Mr. Scranton returned and advised Mr. Nixon to adopt an "evenhanded" Middle East policy. And all hell broke loose. To the American Jewish community, and to other friends of Israel, this sounded ominous. But the idea of "evenhandedness" always was an empty abstraction, and it never was Mr. Nixon's policy. No President (with the possible exception of Harry Truman, who helped found the place) has been more important for Israel than Mr. Nixon has been. The Nixon Administration's aid to Israel in just five years has been larger than that sent by any other Administration. In the five years since Mr. Scranton's mission the Russians have been invited into and expelled from Egypt, a war has sobered Israel and the Jewish community abroad, that professor who not long ago was a less impressive world figure than Mr. Scranton has served as the indispensable element in resolving a vexing Middle East diplomatic tangle, and Mr. Nixon, who is an unindicted co-conspirator at home, has made a triumphal tour through the opposing capitals in the most turbulent region of the world.

At home Mr. Nixon, in his current extremity, labors tirelessly to blur the distinction between himself, the current President, and the venerated office of the Presidency. Abroad, Mr. Nixon *is* the Presidency, a symbol of the United States, and that is why all those people are cheering. □

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Way back in 1974 Boston zoned a special area for "adult entertainment." Ten years later the feds got into the business of regulating non-entangling alliances between consenting adults

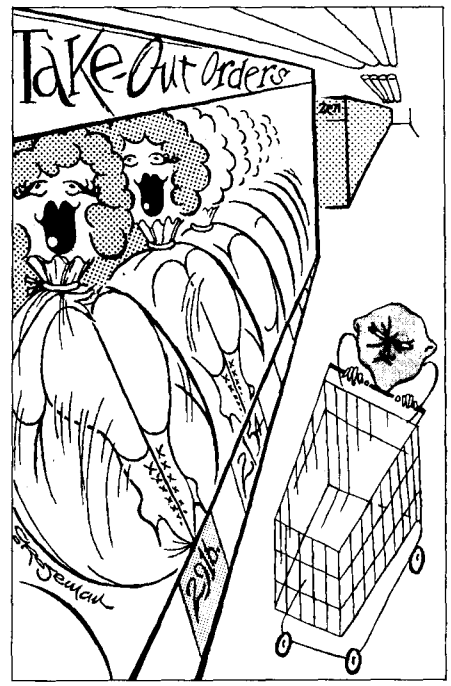
The History of Legalized Prostitution, 1984-2004

JOHN BECK

BEFORE 1984 there had been scattered attempts at the state level to legalize prostitution. Most of these, however, were unsuccessful because of the unprogressive nature of state government. Since liberalization could be achieved only through federal action, Congress passed the necessary legislation in 1984, using the Interstate Commerce Clause to counter objections to the bill's constitutionality from a few states' rights reactionaries. (Prostitutes were clearly engaged in interstate commerce, since they did not restrict their services to men who were residents of their own states.) To ensure that the typically conservative local government could find no way to harass or prohibit prostitutes, contravening the intent of the federal law, all local regulation was prohibited, except that prostitution, like any business, could be confined to areas zoned for commercial purposes.

Civil libertarians had argued for legalization as an expansion of individual liberty, but legalization had a wider appeal on the grounds that it would allow government public health programs to deal more effectively with the spread of contagious diseases by sexual contact. Perhaps even more influential in the minds of congressmen had been the prospect of increased tax revenues for social welfare programs. Besides the state and federal income taxes on previously unreported earnings, the inelastic demand for sex (like the inelastic demand for tobacco and liquor) made it a fit object for an excise tax. A 50 per cent *ad valorem* tax was levied in 1985.

The U.S. Public Health Service rapidly expanded its staff in 1984 to provide



the regulation necessary for the control and prevention of contagious disease as provided for in the federal law. Descending on brothels throughout the land, taking blood samples from prostitutes and clients alike, these dedicated public servants eagerly rose to the task laid before them.

Although government had adopted an enlightened attitude toward sex, the repressive attitudes of social tradition still exerted a powerful influence, and many customers resented having their affairs under the scrutiny of public officials, some of whom might be gossipy neighbors. Prostitutes, concerned for the feelings of their customers, also resisted the unannounced inspections by government bureaucrats. Lawyers representing an ad hoc committee of the prostitution profession went before the Supreme Court to argue that unwarranted intrusions violated the Bill of Rights, but in 1985 the Court ruled that, while warrants were required for police searches in criminal investigations, no such restrictions applied to regulatory agencies concerned with the public welfare.

ANOTHER protest was called forth by a consumer protection measure designed to inform the customer that the prostitute he patronized had been checked out by the Public Health Service; in indelible blue ink on a conspicuous part of each inspected prostitute's body was the seal "HEW Inspected." Some prostitutes took offense at the government's marring the beauty of their bodies with a mark one of them compared to "the USDA stamp on butcher's meat."

These initial causes of friction were resolved, and HEW was able to regulate the public health aspects of the prostitution industry in a smooth, efficient manner. But with legalization, the growth of this new sector of legitimate business enterprise had an impact on the rest of the economy. Prostitutes were found to be a good substitute for wives. The increased use of prostitutes led to a decline in the marriage rate (accompanied by a decline in the sale of wedding dresses, floral arrangements, and new homes) and, with a time lag, a decline in the number of divorces

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(which had an economically depressing effect on the legal profession). To counteract this effect on marriage, the 1989 Tax Reform Act provided for a 10 per cent surcharge on the income tax of bachelors. The marriage rate returned to its previous level in 1990.

Legalization brought a great increase in the supply of labor in the prostitution industry. Numbers of women found a golden economic opportunity in the newly legitimized business. Congress had expected that legalization would have the advantage of bringing prostitution within the scope of the wage-price control system, thus keeping the price of prostitutes below the extortionate rates charged before legalization. But with the tremendous increase in the supply of prostitutes, the price ceiling proved unnecessary. Rather, the price fell drastically, causing one longtime member of the profession to complain, "A whore can't make a decent living any more."

SEEKING relief from this disastrous economic consequence, prostitutes tried to persuade state legislators to make prostitution subject to state minimum wage laws. Unfortunately, most legislators were inclined to view the low wage situation as not altogether undesirable, finding themselves more often the consumers than the suppliers of the services affected. But, as so many times before when state governments had been unresponsive to urgent social problems, federal action saved the situation. Since prostitution had been established as interstate commerce, the U.S. Congress moved to include prostitutes in the occupations covered by the federal minimum wage. Aside from a few minor objections (like the concern of some of the nation's youth that this would mean a federal prohibition of old-fashioned free premarital sex), the bill was easily passed. (Congressmen did not share the concern of state legislators to maintain a low legal wage for prostitutes, since the high demand in Washington had driven the market price far above the proposed legal minimum anyway.) Of course the increase in the wage level meant that some of the greatly expanded supply of prostitutes could no longer find employment. This problem was responded to quickly with unemployment benefits for these women.

The prostitutes who had been in the industry before legalization were somewhat concerned about the quality of the new entrants to their profession. Serving men's sexual needs required skills in psychology and personal grooming, and compliance with government regulation and taxation procedures demanded knowledge of public health and simple accounting. So prostitutes formed a national organization, the APA, to promote quality in their profession just as the AMA and the ABA promoted quality in the medical and legal fields. In 1987 the APA was successful in persuading Congress to enact national occupational licensure laws requiring graduation from a one-year training program approved by the APA for all new entrants into the profession. On the grounds that experienced prostitutes had acquired the necessary knowledge without formal training, anyone who could produce evidence of having practiced the profession for two years prior to 1984

could have the formal training requirement waived. Licensure also required that prostitutes be U.S. citizens, thus protecting American males from cheap foreign women.

A dispute over whether the APA was a professional organization or a labor union arose in 1988 when the APA entered a complaint in federal court that actresses who engaged in sexual intercourse on film were violating the occupational licensure laws unless the actresses were licensed prostitutes. The Screen Actors' Guild sought to have the case removed from the federal courts and put before the National Labor Relations Board. The Guild argued that the question was really a jurisdictional dispute between two rival unions and thus ought to be settled through the NLRB. The case eventually reached the Supreme Court, which ruled that the Federal District Court at Los Angeles should have jurisdiction, and in 1993 the District Court ruled in favor of the APA.

Still more problems remained to be solved by appropriate government action. Some prostitutes used certain garments that gave a false impression of their physical endowments to potential customers, who were subsequently disappointed when the prostitutes disrobed to perform their services. To prohibit such unscrupulous practices a truth-in-packaging law was passed in 1990, giving the FTC the necessary enforcement powers.

Another problem arose when the ugly specter of discrimination appeared in new forms, denying equal economic opportunities to all women. The forms of discrimination were various. It was virtually impossible for a woman who weighed in excess of 175 pounds to find employment in the profession. And it turned out that the old adage about gentlemen preferring blondes was really true; nonblondes faced discrimination that left their average earnings 15 per cent below the earnings of blondes in the profession. The truth-in-packaging law actually served to aggravate the situation by prohibiting the disadvantaged from circumventing discrimination by such methods as the use of hair dyes. To provide equal opportunities for all women regardless of irrational consumer bigotry based on mere physical appearance, Congress passed the Equal Opportunity Act of 1992. It provided for uniform pricing within geographical regions, required that all contracts for prostitution services be made sight unseen, and prohibited a prostitute's soliciting agent from making any statement about her appearance.

A PROBLEM arose with the enforcement of the uniform pricing provision of the Equal Opportunity Act. To circumvent the prohibition on price competition, some ruthless prostitutes competed for customers by offering extra services free of charge—free drinks, lodging for the entire night, breakfast in bed. To stop such cutthroat competition, which threatened an orderly market for services, the Civil

(Continues on page 773)

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ON THE CULTURAL SCENE

Some Conservative Undercurrents

ELLIOTT MILLER

THE NEWS MEDIA have not been very encouraging of late. Watergate succeeds Vietnam as a source of wearying negativism; the assassination attempt on Princess Anne and the violence of the Symbionese Liberation Army bring disquieting memories of the Sixties. Inflation, the energy crisis, Northern Ireland, and the Middle East endure or recur as intimations of the sorry state of things.

In addition, the welter of current cultural data seems no less disheartening and confusing than before. *The Exorcist* has broken all box office records; sex magazines like *Playgirl*, *Penthouse*, and *Oui* still flood the newsstands; and college youths were "streaking" all spring.

Yet there are signs that on a fundamental cultural level, at least, America in 1974 may be moving away from the negativism of the Vietnam era toward more wholesome and positive values. For while Watergate still makes waves on the surface of the news, some shifts in the deeper currents of our culture are occurring.

One such shift is taking place on Broadway. The brash sensuality of *Hair*, *Oh! Calcutta!*, and *Futz!* has given way to as wholesome and sentimental a dramatic procession as could be wished: *Follies* with its burlesque period setting and nostalgia, the light and frothy *No, No, Nanette* which originally salved the Depression's wounds with its Busby Berkeley dance numbers, and the currently popular *Irene*. In addition, *Grease* is now reviving the Fifties with a trip down rock 'n' roll's memory lane, and *Over Here!* with the Andrews Sisters is recalling some of the healthy patriotism and positive American spirit of the wartime Forties. The Age of Aquarius is yielding to a nonpoliticized and nonsociological drama, and the revived O'Neill *Moon for the Misbegotten* and *Noël Coward in Two Keys* suggest a resurgence of serious drama and light comedy.

A similar change is evident in motion pictures. A few years ago we were given the violence and sensuality of *A Clockwork Orange*, *The Devil in Miss Jones*, *Last Tango in Paris*, and *The Godfather*. Now we have period pieces like *The Way We Were*, *American Graffiti*, *Mame*, and *The Great Gatsby*, which are more modulated and romantic, some of them reminiscent of the big, glamorous studio productions of the old Hollywood.

The bestseller lists are as remarkable for what is absent as for what is present. Although *The Joy of Sex* was lately heading the list, the number of sex treatises has diminished since the heyday of *The Sensuous Woman* and the fictionalized sexual histrionics of Jacqueline Susann. In 1968, Gore Vidal's *Myra Breckinridge* led the fiction sales; in 1974 his *Burr* occupies the same position with its fictional muckraking of the Founding Fathers. *Burr* is appropriate enough for the age of Watergate, but Vidal has come a long way since 1968. Gone from the list, too, are sociological studies like *The Greening of America* and *Future Shock*; in their place, Alistair Cooke's mildly chauvinist study of his adopted homeland, *America*, and the nostalgic photo collection, *The Best of Life*. Even Sam Levenson, the schmaltziest writer of them all, recently made the list with his *In One Era and Out the Other*.

On television we see the same trends. Foremost, perhaps, is the well received family drama of the Depression, *The Waltons*, which is heavy on sentiment and faithfully recreates a bygone era. Several specials are significant in this respect: the Roy Campanella story, *It's Great to Be Alive*, brought back the great days of the old Brooklyn Dodgers with dignity, humanity, and feeling; the TV adaptation of F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Last of the Belles* stressed the themes of romantic young love and a yearning for times past that cannot be recaptured. Movies made exclusively for TV have shown the same tendencies. *Senior Year* (aired on March 22) looked at the loves and family troubles of high school seniors during the Fifties; on the following night, March 23, another TV movie, *Remember When*, took a tear-laden, strongly patriotic look at life on the home front while the boys were fighting World War II. It offered scenes that would not have gone over two years ago, like the family gathered at church singing "Onward Christian Soldiers," or defense plant workers cheering at the news they have surpassed their production quota. The last lines of this show emphasize that return to family feeling and values which is one of the hallmarks of this cultural trend: "We had a secret in those days. It never failed to get us through. We loved each other."

Television also reveals attitudes indirectly, as during CBS's telecast of the National Film Institute's tribute to James Cagney. Immediately after a film clip of Cagney leading 50 standard-bearers in a rousing version of "It's a Grand Old Flag," some 2,000 of Hollywood's finest (and most liberal), assembled for the Cagney tribute, rose as a man and cheered. It is unlikely that their reaction would have been the same during the American involvement in Vietnam.

IN FASHION, phrases such as "soft feminine colors," "seduction," "romance," and "femininity" have appeared with increasing frequency in recent issues of *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*. Evidently we can expect less of the sharp and striking, coolly sophisticated angular look and more warmth, more flowing lines, more femininity, more curves. The pants suit is still very much in style, but if the trade publications are to be believed there will be more spinoff styles from the Twenties and Thirties, the Gatsby look or the Mame look.

Turning from the arts to contemporary life, one notices the same cultural shift toward traditional values. The drug problem that ravaged America in the Sixties seems to be abating somewhat. Too many adolescents have seen

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the effects of hard drugs on their older brothers and sisters or on celebrities like Janis Joplin. As a result, teenage arrests on drug offenses in New York City declined by as much as 75 per cent from 1970 to 1973. The New York Police Department did record an increase in cannabis (marijuana, hashish) usage in 1972 and 1973, but the teenagers seem to have gotten the message about hard drugs.

A CONSERVATIVE undercurrent is also evident in the mellowing of contemporary pop music. Ironically, singer Bobby Vinton turned down the song "Tie a Yellow Ribbon 'Round the Old Oak Tree" because he was afraid it might disturb his youthful image. It became one of the great hits of this past year. Hard rock records after the fashion of Led Zeppelin and the Rolling Stones have been dropping off the rating charts. The top ten (both singles and albums) of Billboard's "Hot 100" can now be classified as either "country and western," "ballad," "folk," "pop," or "soft rock" (soft only in relation to "hard rock"). Number ten on a recent list was "The Lord's Prayer," by Sister Janet Mead; number two was "Hooked on a Feeling," by Blue Suede, its hilarious "oogah-oogah" grunt overlays spoofing Fifties rock 'n' roll. Then too there is the country music wave, as well as the revival of the favorites from the Fifties which the record album pitchmen push so insistently on TV. What is significant is the fading of the old dominance of acid rock with its blaring sound and electronic amplifier screeches, the new diversity of styles, and the mellowing not only of sound but also of message. The current music is much less politicized than the songs of Pete Seeger and Peter, Paul, and Mary.

And hair is shorter, partly because long hair has been appropriated by so many middle aged men seeking a younger look that long hair is no longer the special prerogative of the under 30s. The young are a long way from turning into a race of Frank Merriwells, but hair length is now a matter of individual choice, not a peer group category.

A conservative swing is also showing up in many aspects of college life. Terms like "establishment," "confrontation," "meaningful response," "generation gap," and "plastic" are suffering from disuse. Anyone who uses "groovy" isn't. College students on the whole seem to be turning to books once again with a new seriousness. One reflection of the new, pragmatic, down to earth attitude of many college students is the upswing in enrollment in the basic economics course for undergraduates at Harvard, Economics 10. From fall 1971 to fall 1973 the number of students taking the course increased from 570 to 987, and no wonder. With the recession of 1970-71, Phases I, II, III, and IV, the inconvenience and uncertainty of having to refer to the Pay Board and the Price Commission, the trauma attendant on devaluing the dollar, soaring food prices, the energy crisis, and the Dow Jones average lurching between 1050 and 800, students are naturally planning their studies with an eye to future job opportunities. Perhaps as a result the atmosphere on many campuses is far less volatile than formerly. One Yale sophomore was startled when he learned for the first time of the May 1970 riots that shook Yale—startled because he felt, in contrast, that it would simply

be impossible to galvanize Yale's present undergraduates into mass action of any sort.

Perhaps we can now put all these trends into some sort of perspective, beginning with the extreme negativism that grew out of the civil rights struggle as well as the nation's Vietnam experience in the Sixties. At that time many young people turned entirely against America and disavowed any connection with American history, traditions, or values. But by the early Seventies the issues which had caused the initial rebellion had largely been resolved, and young people quietly began to realize that they had been living, relatively speaking, in a cultural vacuum, in an environment strong on criticism but lacking in positive values. Their first reaction was to seek out positive cultural solutions from within the youth movement itself. Perhaps this explains the sudden emergence of the Jesus freaks in 1970, and the subsequent popularity of meditation, religious communes, gurus, yoga, and the whole panoply of religious fetishism which issued in *Jesus Christ Superstar* and *Godspell*. (Even the health food fad, largely a spinoff of the ecology crisis, may have owed something to this quest for values.)

But much of this religious activity proved frenetic and transitory, and many youngsters began to seek positive standards and symbols outside the youth movement. It is in this sense that one can perhaps best appreciate the current attractiveness of every preceding decade for the past 50 years: *Gatsby* (1920s), *Waltons* (1930s), *Over Here!* (1940s), *Grease* (1950s), and *American Graffiti* (which recalls the good old days of 1962).

AT PRESENT we find ourselves in this second, historically nostalgic stage of the recent quest for positive value. It would be foolish as yet to assert that this conservative current will emerge as the mainstream of the future, though it is a possibility. But if it does, Americans will find their culture moving on to a third stage in which its values are found not in religious extremism, nor entirely in the past, but, rather, in the living flesh and blood of the present. The current phenomenon of "streaking" provides a flawed but useful example of stage three, for unlike the protests, sit-ins, and student demonstrations of the Sixties, it is nonpolitical and affirmative—a spontaneous and exuberant fad which expresses the youthful spirit of the present and does so in a relatively harmless way. It smacks of the phone booth stuffing kick of the Fifties, or of the goldfish swallowing craze of an earlier age.

For the present, all we can definitely assert is that many of the old cultural matrices and categories which have enmeshed us all for so long are loosening up, that those who felt themselves lost within the folds of the liberal ideological framework are beginning, culturally at least, to feel a little free. Change and growth are not assured, but the present conservative cultural undercurrents are creating an atmosphere in which they are at least possible. □

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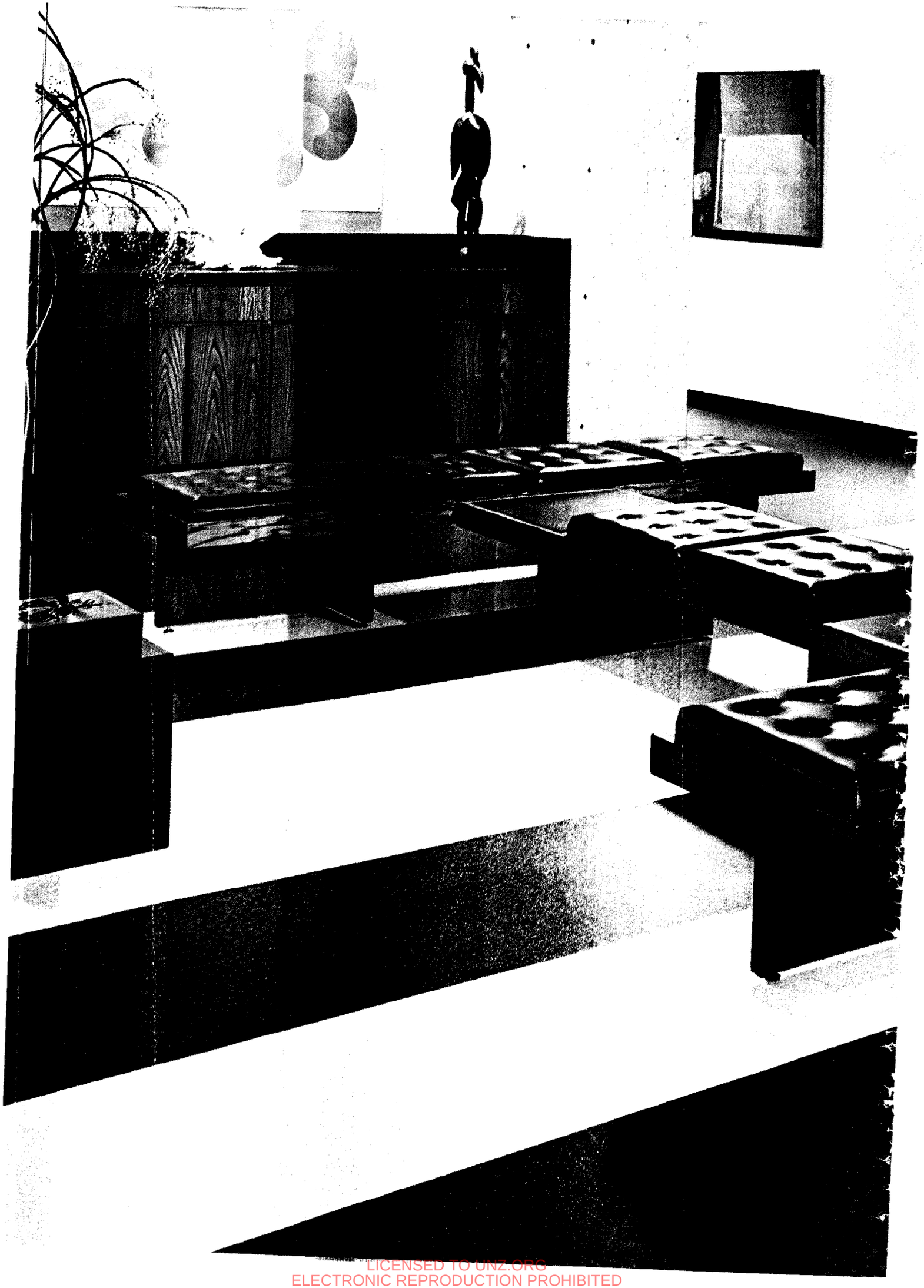

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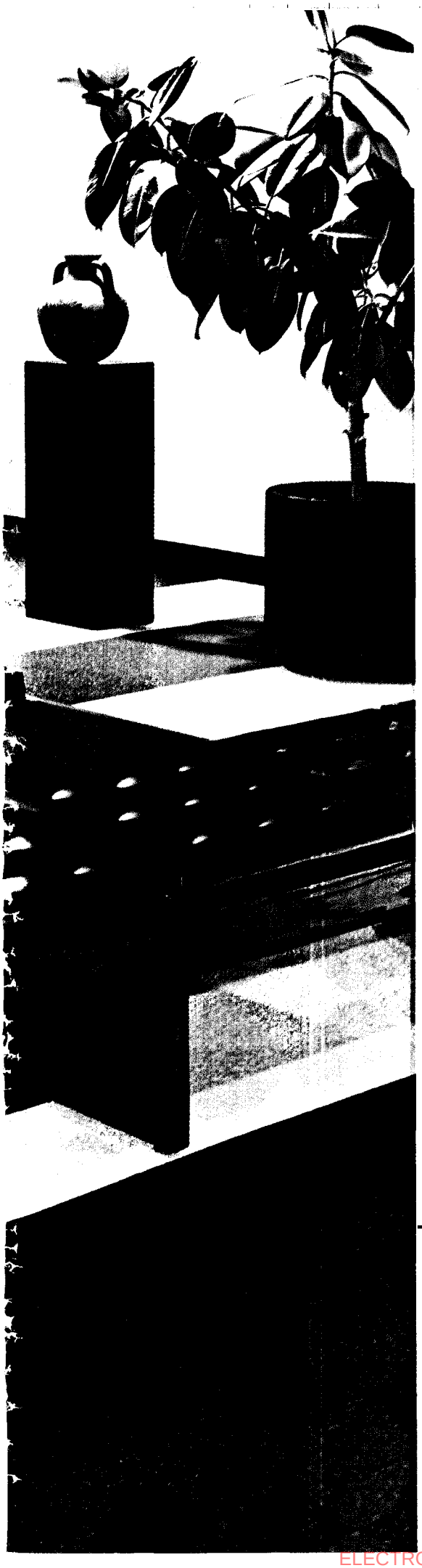

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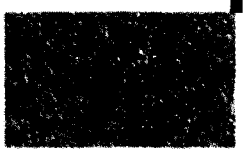

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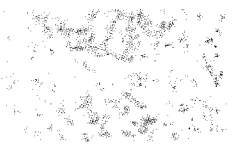

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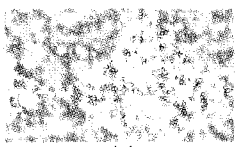

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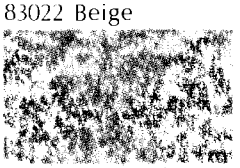

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SPECIAL REPORT

Communism, Dalmatian Style

Greeks, Romans, Goths, Slavs, Byzantines, Venetians, Turks, French, Austrians had their turns at ruling the eastern Adriatic. An NR *editor, just back from Titoland, tells how today's Communists are doing*

JAMES BURNHAM

IN THE ANNALS of discovery, visiting a Communist country nowadays doesn't quite rate with Dr. Livingstone's search for the sources of the Nile, but I had never been in one before this spring, and a Yugoslav fortnight was, for me, rather like a first live concert after years of listening to records and radio.

We all know that Yugoslav Communism is different. Yugoslavia is not a captive member of the Soviet bloc and has adopted certain modifications of once orthodox practice, especially in economic matters. Nevertheless, Yugoslavia continues to define its social, economic, and political structures as "Marxist-Leninist" and "Communist." The Communist Party holds a monopoly of political power. Its Tenth Congress was held while we were there, and the Soviet representative was all smiles as Tito boasted about the tens of thousands of members purged from the ranks since 1969 for opportunist or nationalist deviations from Marxism-Leninism. It is fair, then, to assume that what I was observing this spring was a variety of Communism, even though it is not the only form that Communism has taken or can take.

I shall here report some of the things I did in fact observe, selecting from those that might be presumed to throw some light on the quality of life under Communism, Yugoslav style. (In *NR*'s next issue I shall attempt some analysis of the raw data.) I am, of course, dealing in mere surface impressions. I made my Yugoslav journey, along with my wife and several friends, on and from a motor yacht, which was perhaps not the ideal method for studying the soul of the People, though a boat does make it easier to get to a good many places you are not likely to visit with other modes of transport. We covered only the Adriatic coastal area and the adjacent islands, and this region differs from the rest of Yugoslavia. Geographically it is separated by an almost unbroken line of high (and often splendid) mountains that cut off the coastland from the interior, so that, historically, this coastal-island region has been oriented westward across the Adriatic and specifically toward Italy. For many centuries the coast was Roman (most of it included in the province of Dalmatia), and for many centuries, somewhat later, it was ruled by Venice. Although ethnically the inhabitants became predominantly Slavic, with considerable Turkish admixture, as a result of the long series of invasions and conquests, a stronger flavor of Western and Mediterranean culture continues here and is spectacularly embodied in the still standing Roman, Byzantine, Medieval, Venetian, and Renaissance cathedrals, fortresses, walls, castles, churches, houses, and entire walled cities. Still, however special Dalmatia may be, it is the red flag of Communism, with its hammer and sickle, that now waves over Diocletian's palace and Dubrovnik's medieval Placa as over every village post office.

So:

1. Yugoslavs are poor. Poverty is relative, so I must add: not poor compared to the inhabitants of Mali, Chad, or Afghanistan; very poor compared to people in West Germany, Belgium, France, or North America. But neither comparison is very illuminating. Using as standard roughly comparable non-Communist countries with which I have some direct acquaintance, it was my impression—confirmed by our Greek crew from a small village in Euboea—that their standard of living is below that of Greece, somewhat above Turkey's, more or less that of the poorer sections of southern Italy. Manufactured consumer goods were low in quality, high in price. Apart from some tourists and a few tourist facilities there were no signs of affluence or luxury; no fancy houses, no big cars, no expensive clothes, jewelry, or furniture, no luxurious shops, no big spending, no air conditioning outside of a few new tourist hotels. I saw lots of fat tourists, but almost no fat Yugoslavs.

2. There was nothing abject in this (relative) poverty. There were no beggars, no visible derelicts, no scrounging, no bowing and scraping. The chil-

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dren were well and cleanly dressed, and obviously healthy. Most men wore the usual slacks and tieless shirt of the Mediterranean peoples. The clothing of the girls and women in the towns was inexpensive but rather tasteful.

3. Within the range of my observations, as I have indicated, this is an economically egalitarian society. I realize that Tito has his yacht, island retreat, and hunting lodge, and that as in all nations always and everywhere the ruling elite feathers its nests. But I can testify that not much feathering was done in any of the cities, towns, villages, and countryside that we covered. In a city of the non-Communist world the big gulf between rich and poor is obvious in a hundred ways: in the differences of neighborhood, dwellings, cars, furniture, restaurants, clothing, servants, pets. There are no comparable differences to be seen in Dalmatia. The most significant—and a not inconsiderable—difference was marked by possession of a car. Some Yugoslavs had cars, and most did not. All the cars were, however, sub-sub-compacts. But there just did not seem to be what could meaningfully be called "a wealthy class."

4. It was impossible to get accurate information about anything: everyone you asked contradicted everyone else. What stamps does it take to airmail a postcard to the U.S.? Our first informant—a shopkeeper selling both cards and stamps: 1.25 dinars (there are 15 dinars to the dollar; the dinar is in fact controlled on a dollar standard). Next, at a post office: 3.50 dinars. Third, another shop in another town: 2.85 d. (but no combination of stamps could add up to 2.85). Another post office: exactly 3 d., and still another, 2.50. Finally we met a senior citizen who had spent his youth in San Diego. Putting the problem to him, he advised: "It doesn't matter what stamps you put on. Just mark it *par avion* and no one will notice the difference."

Every problem connected with our boat got us into the same sort of maze. Hercegnovi, just inside the Gulf of Kotor, was our port of entry, and we arrived with fuel tanks nearly empty because of an illusory rumor that, since Yugoslavia got its fuel from Rumania instead of the Middle East, the price was low. At Hercegnovi, though it is a busy enough harbor, we were told, "no fuel." But the port superintendent said we could get a full supply at a facility a few miles farther into the Gulf. Next morning we cruised between the 5,000-foot mountains that shape the Gulf into a Mediterranean fjord, to the designated spot, where indeed we saw fuel tanks. The two persons ashore, whoever they were, would not even let us dock, much less sell us some diesel. "You can get plenty in Kotor," one promised in Italian. At Kotor—the medieval city (*Stari grad*) is still intact within its walls—no fuel. Plenty at Dubrovnik. Become somewhat apprehensive, we managed to reach Dubrovnik's large and active commercial port. No fuel. The place to get some, we were assured, was the "new marina."

THE NET of several conflicting instructions placed it several miles up the estuary of a river that flowed from the mountains into the sea a few miles north. It was dark now, but the commercial port was dirty, noisy, and smelly, so we made our way back and up, and there found a small and attractive marina, connected with the marvelous palace of a Venetian aristocrat rebuilt as the marina adjunct, where there was just room and water depth for us to dock, much to the disturbance of a personable young man who came out of the palace to tell us the space was reserved. And—do I need to add—no fuel. The young man, who became pleasant enough when he saw we were not going to budge, allowed that there was a fuel station a mile or so back on the river bank; but it was Saturday night so naturally it would be impossible to get serviced until Monday morning. The surprise happy ending came, however, the next, Sunday, morning. As church bells rang and we watched a procession of priests, deacons, altar and choir boys wind through a grove of trees into the little church across the river, a truck from somewhere drove up alongside and handed up its fuel line. And so it went.

5. It was impossible to find out who was boss—a difficulty related to the contradictions. We could never be sure whether we were getting the word from the horse's mouth or from a junior pony's. We never did learn who was running that new marina, and when we left, the chap then on hand declined even to charge us anything. All over, in fact, there was an astonishing absence of brass of any kind, or, at any rate, of visible brass. There were scarcely any cops to be seen—none most places—and the few there were never did anything policelike. In the harbors, even the busy harbors of the larger towns, no one appeared to tell us where to tie up. We invariably had to figure it out for ourselves, and when this led to an argument and near-ramming on one occasion with a small boat taxi that claimed we were usurping his territory, no one showed up to mediate.

No one ever ordered us to do, or not do, anything. In the country five kilometers outside Split are the partly excavated ruins of the ancient city of Salona, where Diocletian was born and Christians martyred. Most sites of such significance are, nowadays, fenced and guarded as closely as concentration camps. We went out by the regular city bus line—always one of the best ways to see a city and some of its residents. A few hundred meters from the bus stop, we found a wide open gate, with no guard or ticket collector, opening into the fields and hillsides where the ruins of basilicas and forums and ancient tenements lay here and there, with vines and potatoes and beans being cultivated beside and between them, and sheep and goats grazing where the martyrs had gone to the stake or the amphitheater. After we had been wandering about for an hour or so, and were contemplating the stone sarcophagi of the sainted martyrs plundered in the fifth century by the Avars, adjoining the curious villa that Professor Bulić, pioneer excavator of the ruins, built himself out of various fragments, columns, and sculptures, an apologetic caretaker appeared and asked us if we would mind paying a couple of dinars as entry fee. I am something of a ruins buff; Salona was much the most casual I have visited.

6. In towns of any size there were more or less standardized small supermarkets that I gathered were a state enterprise. But there were also open markets where the farmers (peasants) brought produce every morning. In the early hours the quality was generally good: wonderful little new potatoes, fresh carrots, beets, lettuce and greens of all sorts, oranges, the best strawberries we had ever eaten. Meat was scarcer and expensive, but the veal was good, and it was a delight to eat chickens that had scratched their food out of the ground instead of being force-fed in factories. Small shops, the many

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small woodworking, shoemaking, tailoring, and service operations, obviously belonged, like the markets and small fishing boats, to the private sector. The big hotels, the factories at Split, the big freighters and big ferry boats and shipyards I assumed to be government enterprises, like railroads, the telephone, the Jugobank, and the airline.

7. There was somewhat more marching or almost-marching than in other countries I know. In most towns in all countries you often see double lines of children being shepherded along by teachers or coaches, but I thought I saw them oftener than elsewhere. Several times there were lines of older students or maybe young Communists or soccer players marching and singing. The marching was not very solemn, however. The biggest parade we saw was in Kotor on the birthday of the Maximum Leader. A stand had been put up outside the main gate into the walled old city, and a big crowd had assembled from the surrounding region. The parade went on for a half hour or so after some introductory band playing. There were contingents of athletes and teams and clubs and schools, but everything was on a small scale with none of the strict discipline you see in the movies of Soviet, Chinese, or Nazi parades. Some of the units had plenty of hammer and sickle flags, but there were also little girls costumed from, I suppose, Yugoslav folklore as mice and bees and butterflies. There was a squad of what were doubtless the local militia. The squad leader put on quite a show of goosestepping and the young soldiers had formidable submachineguns, but the watching girls and young men laughed and exchanged wisecracks. The big hit of the parade was the old-fashioned fire brigade that kept its bell clanging and siren howling. A small group of officials clad in the dark suits universally worn by officials in Mediterranean countries was in the reviewing stand, but when the parade was over they mercifully disbanded without so much as a single speech.

8. In the larger towns, the European *Herald-Tribune* (published by the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*) and the leading newspapers and magazines of West Germany, France, and Great Britain were on sale to all comers, and were bought and read without inhibition by both tourists and Yugoslavs. Bookstores carried books by foreign authors, in translation and in the original languages. Nearly all towns had at least one movie theater, and many of the films being shown were American.

9. There are many churches in the towns and villages along this coast, many of them of great architectural and archaeological interest. Some have been made into museums and some are places of worship, and it is not always clear which is which. Circumambulating, one Sunday morning, the great twelfth century Dubrovnik walls, which measure up to 50 feet wide and 72 feet high, we could see the churches of the inner city. The bells of many were ringing. While we were passing next to the Dominican monastery a robed Dominican came out on a balcony, and we could hear a folk-music mass being sung. Many of the orthodox churches had the votive candles at hand, and lighted candles burning. In the little villages the churches seemed as integral as in little villages in most countries. But it was difficult to judge. The villagers and older people did not cross themselves or use a religious greeting or wear a little cross or medal as in many parts of Western Europe. In the shops there were crucifixes and icons, but not so many, and perhaps they were only art works or curios. It was my impression that religion was not dead, but not flourishing.

10. The Yugoslavs we met or dealt with in one capacity or another were not outgoing or spontaneously friendly, as Italians and Greeks can be; they had the roughness of most Mediterranean peoples; but they were civil. Though there were confusions and difficulties, none of us had any sort of "unpleasant incident."

11. Dalmatians are early-to-bed, early-to-risers. Nearly everyone seemed to be up and about by 6 A.M. Shops and markets opened at 6:30 or 7:00 A.M., shut down at 11:00, and reopened from 4:30 to 6:30 or 7:00—the hours evidently set by regulation. Working hours for construction, mechanical jobs, offices, etc., and even factories, were about the same. Everything, except a very few tourist places, shuts down at 10:00 P.M. In a restaurant—whether a dining room in one of the big new hotels or a small nontourist *gostione*—you would suddenly notice, if you kept at table close to 10:00 (which is not yet time to begin dining in many Mediterranean countries), that the waiters had changed into their street clothes. They were not impolite if you lingered, but there was no mistaking their message, and some of them would beat you to the door once you had risen. In Dubrovnik there was a Casino "American style" (i.e., featuring craps and blackjack), located in the large new, deliciously named *Libertas* hotel, that was ready to stay awake as long as the players, but when we surfaced at midnight the streets were empty. In the smaller towns there were only two occasions when there was night life after 10:00: one on a Saturday night at Vela Luka, a little town at the head of a deep bay on the western end of Korčula island, when a rock combo played for a mixed tourist-Yugoslav crowd in a garden restaurant; the second, when our crew of five young Greeks, after we had all had a dinner together that included a good many glasses of Slivovitz, brought out their cassette player, and so cheerily showed the few post-10 strollers on the quay how Greek villagers dance that before long many of them were joining. (I assume the 10 o'clock rule loosens up a bit in high tourist season.)

12. No one appeared to be overworking. Few people did anything much in those long siesta hours. By 6:00 P.M. the *volta*—the evening promenade—was beginning along the main drag or quay, and everybody strolled for a couple of hours. The observable pace of construction workers, furniture makers, typists, was unstrained.

13. A final impression was not consciously formed until our first evening out of Yugoslavia. We had reached Bari at twilight, and tied up in what turned out to be a huge, nearly empty, commercial harbor some distance from the city proper. But we located a pleasant small restaurant not far away, and after picking out some sprightly lobsters from the fish display, sat down at the only vacant table. And the air around us was vibrating with the jabber and laughing and kissing and joking and coming and going of Italians of all ages enjoying themselves over good food and drink and each other. I realized that there had never been anything like this in Yugoslavia. The Yugoslavs did not look gloomy, but they didn't ever seem to be having much plain *fun*, the way you can so often feel as well as see and hear Greeks and Italians having fun at a café or bar or park or beach or wherever they happen to find themselves. □

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LETTER FROM LONDON

There Go the Playing Fields

COLM BROGAN

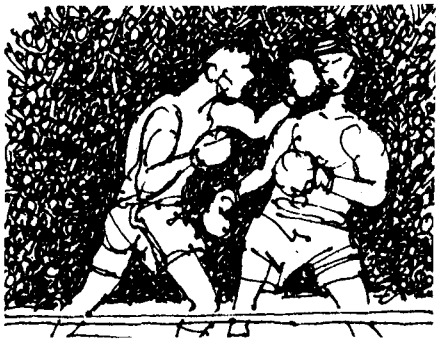
THE ENGLISH are downhearted and gloomily learning the meaning of being a second-rate power.

This is not because they have lost their Empire. That happened quite a while ago and the typical Englishman feels that the loss is not his. The real sufferers are all those dark and dusky people who now have to look after themselves. The English were never very excited about their Empire. Apart from an occasional and short-lived bout of jingoism, they thought it was more trouble than it was worth. Even Disraeli, before he began to suck up to Queen Victoria, said the English would get on much better if they had the accursed colonies off their back. Sir John Macdonald, the first prime minister of federal Canada, lived in lively fear of a takeover bid by the United States, and the fear was reinforced by the resentful knowledge that there were exceedingly powerful elements in England who would welcome the move. The real imperialists were the Scots and the Irish. The Empire proved a stage for rapid and high advancement which they could not find in their own small countries.

What did provide the English with an immense and complacent gratification was not dominion over palm and pine, but dominion over all fields of sport. They firmly believed that the English had been endowed by God with qualities, both moral and physical, which made them effortlessly supreme in all sporting endeavors.

There was much to be said for this doctrine in the reign of the Good Queen. As foxhunters the English could consider themselves unchallenged so long as nobody outside these islands hunted foxes. Prince Albert here made one of his worst mistakes. When he first married, the squirearchy looked him over and did not like what they saw. With his artistic appearance and melancholy, poetic air he resembled Lord Byron reincarnated as a grown up Lord Fauntleroy. In short, a sissy. He was advised to take to the hunting field to correct this impression. This he did, and took his fences with such ease that his critics were much impressed. But, after two or three outings, he gave it up. He felt that hunting was easy enough, but tedious and a waste of time. The hard riders could bear their sport being slighted by someone who funked his fences, but that attitude was intolerable in a man who nipped over them like a sparrow, but much preferred playing the organ.

The English were complacently sure that when God put the horse on earth He said, "Now go and find an Englishman." Their self-confidence was so strong that they insisted they were right even when they knew they were wrong. Thus, the Derby course is said to be a mile and a half long. In fact, it is a mile and a half plus one and a half yards. The mistake was discovered after the first race, which was in the reign of



Queen Anne. Queen Anne is dead and so is Queen Victoria, and nine kings as well. The mistake in measurement has never been corrected.

But horse riding is not unconnected with gambling and the gambler will abandon his most precious prejudice if it loses him money. When Tod Sloan, the American jockey, came over, his crouch provoked indignation and derision. He was freely compared to a monkey and told to go home. However, when the monkey won race after race, the laughter died away and the English jockeys adopted his style. It was hard to swallow, but coming second was harder.

There were one or two other unfortunate happenings. If the English were supreme on horseback, they must obviously have an even greater superiority at sea. Yet in spite of all efforts the America's Cup remained in America. Plainly the Cup had been won by a fluke and equally plainly the conditions of the race were grossly unfair to the challenger, but when all explanations had been made, England might have the best of the argument but America still had the Cup.

When Victoria's reign ended the sun was beginning to set on England's sporting greatness. The first sign came in boxing, with the introduction of the glove. The prizefighters of Old England had been national heroes, celebrated by eminent writers. Hazlitt had a famous essay on the fight between Bill Neate and the Gasman. Thackeray wrote a mock epic on the famous fight between Sayers and the American John C. Heenan, the lover of Ada Mencken and ancestor of Cardinal Heenan. Palmerston was present at the fight, which ended when the gentlemen of England broke down the ring to save their bets. The English knew all about fighting. "Five foot ten and 12 stone is big enough for anybody." Georges Carpentier would enter his heartfelt dissent. The English style was the only style. The upright stance and the straight left would dispose of any challenger who lacked the classic grace.

Unfortunately it didn't. Of the 25 heavyweight champions of the world only Bob Fitzsimmons was English, and he, in fact, was a Cornish Irishman who learned his boxing in Australia. Nothing could hide the fact that our heavyweights were not even second class. Nor were they even noted for their stubborn courage. When Joe Beckett was criticized for lasting six seconds against Carpentier, he asked, "Did you think I was going to stand up there and get knocked about by a bloody Frenchman?" There spoke the voice of Churchill in anticipation.

Disaster on a large scale really set in after the First World War. Before 1914 only one American golfer, Francis Ouimet, had won the American Open. Only one English golfer has won it since, and very seldom has an English golfer won the British Open. South Africans, Americans, and other foreigners

Mr. Brogan has covered the British scene for NR *for a number of years.*

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lead the field year after year. In tennis the same dismal tale is repeated. There has not been an Englishman in the Wimbledon Singles Final for 36 years. In track and field England has produced a respectable number of brilliant performers, especially in the middle distances, but far fewer than the Americans and fewer than Finland before the War and than Germany since the War. For this there was a ready explanation. The Englishman was an all-arounder, good at running, riding, shooting, jumping, swimming, and boxing. By this reasoning the Pentathlon and the Decathlon should have been made for the English, but the results show that the English were not made for them. In every Olympics since the War England has confidently proclaimed one athlete or another champion before the contest took place, only to have him make a resounding flop.

All these disillusionments and others, such as defeats at cricket by the West Indies, were offset by our soccer record. Not that the soccer record was good. In fact it was bad. Teams that used to tour Austria, Hungary, Germany, or Sweden and win by seven or ten goals found a few years later that they were being outplayed in these same countries. Mysteriously this had no effect on English self-assurance. These foreign teams couldn't be better, for we had taught them all they knew. This was nearly correct, for England had spread soccer all through the Empire and far beyond. Wherever the army or business went, cricket bats and footballs were in the baggage train. English players acted as coaches for European club and international teams.

Secure in this knowledge, the English brushed off defeats abroad. The boys were a bit careless, the ground was bad, the heat was bad, the referee was a fusspot or biased. When a navy team was beaten 3 to 0 at Gdynia in Poland, the one-sentence report said, "The English team were unfamiliar with the ground." No match abroad need be seriously considered—if England lost.

This assurance affected foreign teams visiting England. Better teams, playing much more attractive football, drew, at the best, because they were overawed by England's past. The crowd enjoyed their football, but remarked that all the pretty-pretty stuff wouldn't do against the solid, physical virtues of the English style. In the Fifties, Hungary burst that bubble. They were undoubtedly the best team in Europe, but England prepared to meet them in a mood of serene confidence. Hungary won 6 to 3, and much more easily than the score suggested. There was a time of anxious self-criticism, but no rethinking.

When the return match was due in Budapest, confidence reigned again. Our boys had played the wrong game. They had tried to match the Hungarian dancing masters at their own fancy work. In Budapest they would return to tight defense and fierce tackling. The Magyars would be laid low. That was the theme of the English papers, proclaimed in stirring headlines. But the Magyars did not read the English papers. They won a 7 to 1 victory.

This greatly assisted the English in their agonizing reappraisal, but more was done by the spread of television. To the comparatively small number who saw foreign teams playing in England there were added millions who saw them playing abroad. As they liked what they saw on the screen, so they did not like what they saw on the field. Attendance dropped year by year.

THEN CAME a revival of sorts. The English international team was put into the hands of Alf Ramsey. This highly successful club manager was not universally popular. A man of humble beginnings, he had cultivated a fancy accent which sometimes slipped. His public relations style was marred by a taciturn hostility. Nevertheless, he produced an efficient team, showing that England could learn something from the foreigners. His players were so thoroughly drilled that initiative and imagination were ruled out. Extremely defensive, utterly predictable, and very "physical," they were not an artistic pleasure to watch. "Physical," by the way, was a euphemism for dirty, and Ramsey was heavily criticized for persisting with players whose fouls would have had them up for assault and grievous bodily harm if they had been committed in the street.

But all criticism was silenced when England won the World Cup in 1966. True, those beastly foreigners were highly displeased, but hardly a hint of this was heard in England. These mean-spirited aliens said that England was lucky in a number of ways. England as the host country did not have to go through the qualifying rounds. In addition to these advantages, none of their players was ordered off, which surprised many an observer. In the semi-final they beat Argentina, whose captain was ordered off, but who were easily the masters of England till the strain of playing ten men against 11 proved too much for them. Lastly, in the final, an obliging referee presented England with a goal that had not been scored.

When the whistle blew, England erupted. From White's Club in Pall Mall to Dirty Dick's in Wapping, men were overcome with emotion. England was the undisputed soccer master of the world. The fact that it was disputed vigorously all over the world went quite unnoticed. Rejoicing was everywhere, even among the royal children.

Euphoria was lasting. Attendance at football matches rose sharply and remained high. England glowed with pride. Ramsey was knighted, but there were many who thought that only a peerage would have been appropriate. Not that Sir Alf showed any greater warmth. When his victorious team trooped off the field, he did not rise from his bench or allow his face to crack into a smile. Nor was he any warmer to the press. He said once to a group of journalists, "We all make our living. I make mine in a nice way and you in a nasty way." Only continued success would let him get away with that attitude.

Success did not continue. Four years later in 1970, Sir Alf took his team to Mexico to defend the Cup. It was a trying time for the gallant knight. With his well known dislike of foreigners and journalists, he was pestered by foreign journalists! They expected him to talk to them and answer questions. What was most bitter for Sir Alf was to be knocked out by West Germany, the losing team in the famous Wembley final. England was winning 2 to 0 20 minutes from the end. Germany equalized and won in extra time. Sir Alf led his men to the dressing room and then declared, "They did all I asked them to do. We have nothing to learn." It was hard to believe he asked them to get beaten. Brazil won the Cup. The results came through the last week before a general election. Harold Wilson was beaten. There are serious political commentators who seriously maintain that the Cup result heavily influenced the election result.

The 1974 Cup is being played in West Germany. Here was England's

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FUTURE (PRESIDENTIAL) TAPES

Block That Expletive!

S. L. VARNADO

THE STATE of shock into which the country has fallen as a result of the language used in the Tapes comes as something of a surprise. One was unprepared for the wave of barely concealed horror caused by the President's rough-hewn verbiage, which has practically immobilized newsmen, congressmen, college students, truckdrivers, and platoon sergeants. One scarcely dreamed, even in the wildest of Comstockean fantasies, that such an instinct for refined language prevailed among our people.

Moreover, if the taping of all future Presidential Conversations should become mandatory (as Mr. William F. Buckley Jr. playfully suggested in a recent column), we can certainly anticipate pressures of a unique kind upon succeeding Presidents. We picture an atmosphere that is cleaner, nobler—one had almost said more sanctimonious—than the dreary one that so offends our high-minded citizenry.

(Excerpt from the Presidential Transcript, April 21, 1980)

(Sound of a door opening and closing. Footsteps. Voice of someone humming "God Bless America." Creak of a chair.)

PRESIDENT *(mumbling very audibly)*: And so another glorious day begins—a day in which, perhaps, in my own small way I can make a contribution to brotherhood and the American Way of Life. But what is this? Ah, my thoughtful secretary, Miss Priscilla Squaregood, has placed my Bible on my desk. And beside it is my copy of the Talmud. And here is my Koran, my Analects, plus the works of Kahlil Gibran. *(Yawns.)* Gracious me, how drowsy I am. I should not have stayed up so late watching the Billy Graham Crusade. But I get such a thrill out of watching that marvelous, honest, rugged crowd of WASPs at worship. Which is not to suggest that they are in any way finer than the masses of Negroes, Chicanos, Italians, Polish, or Irish who live in our great land. Or Tierra del Fuegonians. *(Buzzer sounds.)* Yes, Miss Squaregood.

SQUAREGOOD: Shalom, Mr. President. The head of the Committee to Uplift the President is here to see you.

PRESIDENT: God bless you, Miss Squaregood. Show him in. Oh, and ask him to wipe his feet before he enters. We want to keep the carpets spick and span—er, I mean neat and clean—for the next inhabitant of this office. *(Door opens and closes.)*

RATSKELLER: Hi, Chief. How in the hell are you?

PRESIDENT: Mr. Ratskeller, it scarcely behooves you to indulge in such low, vulgar language in such a place as this.

RATSKELLER: Sorry, Chief, my booboo. Say, how'd you like that groovy show last night at the burles . . .

PRESIDENT: Berlioz concert, you were about to say? It was sublime. Although I must admit that Berlioz is a bit highbrow for one so down to earth as me . . . er, as I. Of course, it must not be thought that I am anti-intellectual. I read my Proust with the best.

RATSKELLER: Chief, I dug up that information you wanted on the mayonnaise scandal. I went straight to the president of the company, and when I told the son of a bitch . . .

PRESIDENT: Mr. Ratskeller, please! This is the second time you have uttered profanity. You know the rule: a third slip and you must kick in a dollar to the Have Your Dog Spayed Fund.

RATSKELLER: Sorry, Chief. Anyhow, like I was telling you about the mayonnaise mess . . .

PRESIDENT: Hold it! Before you go any further, I must warn you that anything you say may be held against you. You have a right to remain silent. You have a right to consult a lawyer. Do you understand? Furthermore, any information you convey to me concerning activities that are illegal, immoral, or even unpleasant must be turned over immediately to the editors of the *New York Times*, the United Nations, and the Congress, in that order. Is that clear?

RATSKELLER: I . . . I guess so.

PRESIDENT: After which we will prosecute to the limit of the law all persons accused of crimes perpetrated within this vicinity. And straighten your tie.

RATSKELLER: Sure, Chief. Now this 200-page report contains a list of names, dates, payoffs, extortions, murders, and scofflaw violations involved in the mess . . .

PRESIDENT: Information about which I knew absolutely nothing—I repeat, absolutely nothing—until you informed me about it two days ago. I repeat, two day ago. Is that correct?

RATSKELLER: Yeah, sure.

PRESIDENT: Louder, and stand closer to the desk.

RATSKELLER *(shouting)*: Hell, yes!

PRESIDENT: That will be a dollar please. *(Sound of papers being shuffled.)* Hmmmm. This is unfortunate. The way I read this report it appears that the Vice President, the entire Cabinet, the FBI, and the Pentagon are all involved. Well, only one thing to do. *(Buzzes.)* Miss Squaregood, I'd like you to prepare a memo from me to the Vice President, the entire Cabinet, the FBI, and the Pentagon informing them that they're all fired. And while you're at it, you'd better disband the Army. Temporarily.

SQUAREGOOD: Right away, Chief. And *Dominus vobiscum.*

(Continues on page 773)

Mr. Varnado is an associate professor of English at the University of South Alabama.

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Architect of an Honest Party

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

THE POLITICAL management of a great state indeed is a necessary evil. Everything in politics has been tried before, it seems; nothing has worked very well in the past; nothing seems calculated to work very well in the future. This melancholy vaticination leads me to some remarks upon a new book about the prime mover in what became the model for responsible party in our age—the English party called the Rockingham Whigs.

The second (and last) Marquis of Rockingham, Charles Watson-Wentworth, was prime minister, briefly, twice in the reign of George III: at the time of the controversy over the Stamp Act, and shortly after the British surrender at Yorktown. Rockingham's influence brought Edmund Burke to political eminence. The moderate Whigs around Rockingham enjoyed, in a quarter of a century, only two conspicuous successes: repeal of the Stamp Act (though that did not prevent the American Revolution) and the "Economical Reform," which reduced corruption and increased efficiency in what we would now call the civil service.

Despite his talents, Lord Rockingham has been neglected by the historians. But now we have an able account of him—Professor Ross J. S. Hoffman's *The Marquis: A Study of Lord Rockingham, 1730-1782* (Fordham University Press, 1973, $15). Dr. Hoffman has labored upon this book for a good many years; it is an exception to the rule that nothing is deader than dead politics.

This high-minded conservative (before the word "conservative" became a political term) was a grand proprietor of Yorkshire, his principal seat the biggest house in England—Wentworth Woodhouse, today a physical education school. Lord Rockingham had no taste for urban life and no desire for power; nevertheless, out of a sense of duty he took upon himself the direction of a political movement that resisted both the ambitions of George III and the schemes of the radicals of the age. His party began to dissolve soon after the Marquis' death in 1782; what was left of it, led by the Duke of Portland and Earl Fitzwilliam, entered into coalition with Pitt's Tories during the French Revolution and so formed an important element in what would become the Conservative Party.

"Strong moral resolution is starkly evident in Rockingham . . ." Ross Hoffman writes. "He was a man of the world of whiggery, of White's and the Jockey Club, and a practicing politician who saw little in the world to moralize about or to try to reform. He had commanded militia, served a court, headed a Georgian government. The truth is that the Marquis was a grandee who combined a strong sense of duty derivative from station with an intense relish for private life, for his stables and the turf, and lacked a taste for politics as a professional game. The endless labor of writing political letters, which never tired Newcastle, was a heavy burden on the Marquis. He was not crafty enough to be a good negotiator, and made too generous an estimate of the measure of honor in political men. A great turmoil could be stirred in him when his inborn impetuosity struggled against practiced patience. He liked the straight fair courses. Intensely fond of friends, he drew about himself men of excellent character and delighted in political counseling with them; but although he naturally desired success in what he undertook, he had neither ambition nor appetite for employing power."

ROCKINGHAM, in fine, was precisely the sort of political leader that a great state needs—but that a great state rarely obtains, because power ordinarily falls into the hands of men who love power for its own sake. The Rockinghams were not a popular party. They rarely carried a borough of more than a thousand electors.

The Rockinghams' moderation often worked against them. As Lord Chatham said, the Marquis was "an honest and honorable man," but Chatham wanted nothing of Rockingham moderation, resolving instead to be "a *scarecrow of violence* to the gentle warblers of the grove, moderate Whigs and temperate statesmen." Lord Rockingham's practical and moderate plan for conciliation with the American colonies fell between the stools.

Sometimes, indeed, the Marquis was too moderate for Burke's taste. In 1775, after fighting in Massachusetts had commenced, Burke urged upon Rockingham and his friends a measure for impeding the conduct of the war—and so compelling the Crown to compromise with the American patriots, Burke would have had Rockingham use his large Irish influence to induce the Irish parliament at Dublin to deny men and supplies for the British forces in America; Ireland might act as mediator. But that scheme was too rebellious for Rockingham's assent.

ALTHOUGH the Rockinghams were the best friends that the indignant Americans had at Westminster, still the Marquis' party were not supporters of revolution. As Dr. Hoffman says of the Rockingham plan for conciliation, "There was nothing pro-American about it. The men who conceived it were not greatly interested in America but concerned solely for the peace, security, and prosperity of their own country."

In a state of any extent, decent representative government cannot prevail without coherent and reasonably honest parties. Rockingham failed to achieve much, but he did succeed, even as he was dying, in giving flesh to a model party. "To keep such faith—so to act in office that public trust in public men was not destroyed—had long been to the Marquis not only the preferred role of his friends but a dictate of personal honor," Dr. Hoffman puts it, with reference to the Economical Reform. "Obeying it, he became the first head of a British cabinet to come into office with a program of measures—a sort of platform!—and to carry it into law."

Ross Hoffman used to refer to Robert Taft as "the Marquis of Cincinnati." I don't know whether he calls Edward Kennedy "the Duke of Bedford," but parallels exist. Those who read *The Marquis* may discover that history does repeat itself, with variations. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Psychodramatics

Tonight we are going to play "This Is Your Life" for neurotics. I'm at the Jacob L. Moreno Institute in Beacon, New York. As per usual, my timing is somewhat off: Jacob L. Moreno died two days ago. You win some, you lose some. Fortunately Mrs. Zerka Moreno is a trouper; the show will go on. And on. The theater looks like an old borscht circuit hotel on its 30 valuable acres. Moreno's special stage is made up of concentric platforms, with one balcony above in case God or your dead father has to make a cameo appearance.

Thirty-five people in attendance for the public Saturday night show. About one third of those are student interns. They're a huggy, braless-shoeless group; they'd embrace you to ask the time of day. Along with psychodrama, Dr. Moreno invented sociometry, a kind of 12-inch ruler used to measure social relations. Sociogram charts paper the wall: blue lines (bad vibes), red lines (good vibes) joining and rejoining the names of 20 students. "Criterion: to share a massage with." All those interconnecting lines; it must be like a chiropractic free-for-all here on workdays. Again and again handout literature refers to Dr. Moreno as the "contemporary of Freud." This isn't exactly a recommendation. I'm Solzhenitsyn's contemporary. It hasn't improved my fiction.

Zerka comes on. Very tall, butch-haired; a white evening gown stresses her size. Statuesque is the word—as in Venus de Milo. Zerka Moreno has no right arm. Could be she lost it in some forgotten embrace: occupational hazard that, I should think. Throughout the long evening her vacant windsock sleeve will act out roles of its own. Sometimes wistful; sometimes coquettish; sometimes eerie. As if Zerka, a psyche in progress, were not quite formed.

She seems brisk and cheerful for such a rookie widow. Moreno was one of those noted men behind whom some woman lurks energetically. Half her remarks are addressed to the beyond. "Well, Moreno . . ." "Here we are, Moreno . . ." She is still somewhat bitter; Moreno didn't get the recog-

nition he deserved. All those encounter groups, with their fine print classified ads in the *Village Voice*, you can blame them on J. L. Moreno. Freud—pah! Zerka's earrings, each big as a parrakeet's trapeze, shake out indignation. "Moreno had something over Freud: he exposed himself to large groups. Freud was afraid of psychotics. He was afraid of anyone who was irrational." Sensible old Freud; me, too. Moreno met his contemporary once. "You reduce people's dreams," he said, "I expand them." Freud answered, "Good. I wish you well." Zerka throws another glance to the rafters. "Well, now Moreno is up there. He's got heaven in revolution. He's got Freud and Jung in encounter. He's got a few critical words for God."

Zerka's gold-slippered foot whacks down. *This* is the real drama, she tells us. Moreno brought chorus back to theater; we are all auxiliary egos. " 'Protagonist' means the crazy man. So let's get drama from nuts, inject insanity." Somehow volunteers aren't forthcoming after this intro. Zerka fishes. Does anyone feel alone? A voice shouts "Yes!" the way you hear women shout "Bingo!" at a VFW hall. Zerka invites the lady to pick a male, any male. She cranes around, raptorlike. The woman is upper middle aged; her face looks perpetually beestung. Low profiles are developed in the audience. Finally a sportsmanlike male sits beside her. But Beestung won't do for Zerka's Saturday night subject. She's a regular. They've all seen this picture before.

Zerka has glommed onto a male of her own. Skinny, effeminate; white turtleneck shirt to go with his turtle head. She tugs him out of the audience; her impish, hollow sleeve jerks around. He is reluctant but eager in equal parts. Zerka jollies him. And so for three hours we're stuck with Hank, who just happens to own pretty much the most hackneyed life scenario going. A businessman who has given three months' notice; wants to write novels, perhaps open an antique store. Separated from his wife, from the college grad kids. Trying to find love and fulfillment. On my time, no less.

In 50-odd years Hank has had—count them—one inspiring moment. A heart attack. At the instant of orgasm. Zerka waves a mattress onstage. It is flaccid, brokenbacked, the veteran of several hundred pretend matings. Hank's interest has been piqued somewhat by her preparations; psychodrama leads to strange bedfellows. Zerka pimps for the audience—her or her or her—and Hank picks the one I would have picked: nubile, high-breasted, face bracing as a crushed ammonia capsule. Clothed, they lie side by side in a rigid erector set embrace until Zerka urges, "On top. On top." And, with a farewell salute to us all, Hank climbs up.

Heart attack; drive to hospital: convalescence. Student interns pinch hit as doctor, nurse, mistress, wife, dead father-in-law. One young man typecast as the heart attack; he clamps a thrombosis pressure on Hank's rib cage. From then on, baby, it's all downhill. The protagonist quick-changes from role to role: he admonishes himself, seduces himself. With exasperating, finicky attention to detail, Zerka lugs us through

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the wallpaper sameness of Hank's last 25 years.

But Hank loves every protracted moment. It's his life, after all. He swells, he becomes excited; he stage manages. And that's the point of it: of psychodrama, of analysis. The therapy comes in the attention. Suddenly, even at 50 bucks an hour, we're important to someone. With that in mind I propose you a proposition.

Let every American be entitled by law to life, liberty, and a debut at Carnegie Hall. Sam the machinist; Harry the accountant; Pedro the bricklayer. They all put in solid nine-to-fives; they're all artists of a sort. But who gives two figs.

Opening night. Carnegie Hall is SRO. Cameramen from the Eleven O'Clock News. Flashbulbs; claques; limousines. John the shoe salesman comes on. Pandemonium; teenage girls faint. John does his thing: fits four triple E's while selling platform mules to an 80-year-old orthopede. Standing ovation; autographs. Clive Barnes will be required by law to approve.

Why not? John deserves it. A night of recognition: the country owes him that much at least. □

MAGAZINES

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

Baiting and Other Pleasures

The New York Review of Books is at least a terrific idea: a fortnightly collection of articles about books; not just articles, but long, sprawling essays; not just about books, but about important books, books that embody the leading ideas of the day; reviews that aim at definitive judgments, their length permitting the reader to watch reviewers of distinction working out, with leisurely intricacy, their evaluations.

It all started, of course (I try to sound as if I knew it all along), with some newspaper strike or other, a decade or so ago, when the absence of the *New York Times Book Review* afforded a handful of venturesome intellectuals the high tide of opportunity they'd needed to launch the enterprise they'd been dreaming of. They threw the first issue of *The New York Review* together on newsprint, and the rest is history (drolly recounted by Philip Nobile in his book *Intellectual Skywriting*). *NYR* regularly offers . . . well, Names: Isaiah Berlin, Mary McCarthy, Norman Mailer, Stuart Hampshire, Gore Vidal, Anthony Lewis, V. S. Pritchett, Murray Kempton . . . and I could go on and on, till your eyes popped right out of your head, but I won't. Suffice it to say that *NYR* is partly an august intellectual tribunal, and partly a literary Muscle Beach; and an author who gets reviewed in it, if he escapes a capital sentence, may get some sand kicked in his face. Then again, he may get both.

Miss McCarthy, for instance, had a go, a few months back, at David Halberstam's *The Best and the Brightest*; and after remarking that the title betrayed its author's tin ear, she took the gloves off. Garry Wills, reviewing Fawn Brodie's *Thomas Jefferson: An Intimate History*, says that Mrs. Brodie's speculations about Jefferson's miscegenation are founded on her malapropist assumptions about eighteenth century meanings (she "seems never to have heard of the OED") and on "scholarly methods [taken from] those Hollywood fan magazines, with their wealth of unfounded conjecture on the sex lives of others."

Now let's face it, this sort of thing can be lots of fun, especially in an age as repressed as our own, when bear-baiting and public floggings are taboo; and besides, it isn't so much the blood that amuses, as the finesse with which it is drawn. True, it wouldn't be quite the same without the blood, but that doesn't really affect my point.

In its prospectus, *The New York Review* promised to dispose of "temporarily inflated reputations," a manner of phrasing that suggested its own resolve to see to it that the inflation *was* temporary. Rogues would be brought to justice; and *NYR*'s contributors do often resemble Fielding's Thwackum, who "was for doing justice, and leaving mercy to heaven." There is also a hint of cantankerousness in this aspiration, one long since made good by dozens of the magazine's reviewers, who are loath to use the bland phrases that used to be expected of reviewers. "Stunning achievement," for example, is a phrase you won't find in *NYR*; a book is judged solely on its demerits, and the reader begins to understand why the Schoolmen thought the bliss of heaven would include watching the writhings of the damned.

Aside from its having put the bite back into book reviewing, *NYR* is most notorious for its leftist politics, which became downright spectacular during the period of Vietnam and student and ghetto rioting. That was when *NYR*'s cover featured a helpful diagram of a Molotov cocktail, and Andrew Kopkind said within that "morality . . . starts at the barrel of a gun," which utterance became the highbrow left's bumper sticker for a time. Such things aroused considerable outrage, and though the perpetrators offered explanations, coyly surprised at all the fuss, *NYR* still hasn't lived it down. Partly because Tom Wolfe saddled *NYR* with one of the memorable epithets of the decade: "the chief theoretical organ of radical chic."

Is Wolfe's gibe fair? Nobile says no. And on the specific factual grounds Wolfe chooses, Nobile seems to have him, and have him cold: *NYR* never idealized Eldridge Cleaver and Huey Newton, as Wolfe asserts it did; its radicalism, says Nobile, "is not so totally puerile as Wolfe's hypothesis demands."

But that defense seems to contain its own concession, in the phrase "*totally* puerile." Take for instance a few cases from the issues of *NYR* I happen to have at hand (I didn't go on a safari for these): Gore Vidal's deduction that somebody—somebody *big*—had hired Arthur Bremer to shoot George Wallace. Adrienne Rich announcing, "I am a feminist because I feel endangered, psychically and physically, by this society . . . we have come to an edge in history when men—insofar as they are embodiments of the patriarchal idea—have become dangerous to children and other living things, themselves included." Mary McCarthy reminiscing: "It is hard for me to believe that the North Vietnamese leaders (those I have seen anyway) would not find the abuse and degradation of captive men morally repugnant." On the *distinguo* side, Anthony Lewis, carefully balancing civility and irony in begging to differ with Jane Fonda: "Well, I wonder whether Miss Fonda would take such a stern view of Americans 'resisting regulations' if they had been prisoners, say, in Stalag 17."

My point is not that such remarks

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occur on every page of *NYR*. They don't. Nor is it that they are really believed, except, perhaps, by their authors. But *NYR* does give them a haven, accepts them as tolerable, doesn't make a fuss about them: when its contributors quarrel with leftist excesses, they usually do so, like Lewis, with a delicacy bordering on diffidence. And its frequent indulgence of such ravings suggests that they are not even intended as serious statements about reality, subject to inspection and argument, but are instead the social graces of the perverse, a kind of anti-American red-flag-waving. When these things are permitted to pass without animadversion in such distinguished company, they get a kind of authority by association; and when moderation is so defensive about asserting the obvious, you gather that Tom Wolfe has a point. □

THEATER

GARY JAY WILLIAMS

Human and Inhuman Theaters

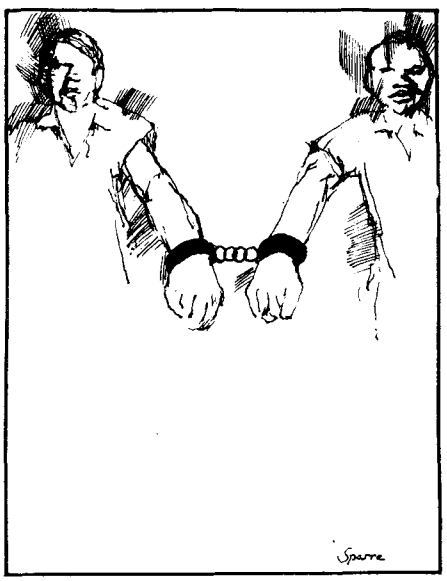
In the richest of theaters, we know there will be any number of moments in which the mind and spirit will merge to grasp, with full, rushing assent, three things: how this work profoundly touches oneself, how it touches us all, and the wonder of the artist's apprehension. If the expectation needs setting down again, it is because it seems a long time since I have had one of those expansive theater experiences. Instead, I am going to increasingly restrictive theaters, narrower in vision, less human theaters.

At the moment New York theater is particularly a thing of shreds and patches—adaptations, revivals, and small satisfactions. Critics are left to make more of less (which you may reluctantly realize after having driven in from out of town for a recommended play), or they are writing about writing theater criticism. There is some interest, though a narrow humanity, in the few of our theater center's recent best.

Short Eyes is the choice of the New York Drama Critics Circle award for the season's Best American Play. That may have been due in part to a slow field, but the play's sociological interest was likely the greater imperative. The play, which takes its title from the prison slang for a child molester, was written by young ex-Sing Sing inmate Miguel Gomez Piñero. It is being performed in the stylish Vivian Beaumont Theatre by a cast made up mostly of ex-convicts who grew up in ghettos and orphanages. It evolved out of a prisoner rehabilitation project organized two years ago at the Bedford Hills Correctional Facility in Westchester by Marvin Felix Camillo, the play's director. As the inmates finished their sentences they formed The Family, a resident company at the Theatre of the Riverside Church. *Short Eyes* premiered there in January, was brought by Joseph Papp to his Public Theatre downtown, and then into his Lincoln Center showcase. The men in The Family have written their own program biographies, and in them one sees what a dramatic contribution they feel their lives have made to this project. The circumstances and this cast are by no means extratheatrical factors: they help account for some of the visceral audience response to the production.

THE SETTING is a prison dayroom backed by echoing cell blocks and complete as a movie set, with institutional tile and sliding steel gates. Here we are first shown (and one often has the sense of graphic, didactic demonstration) a slice of contemporary American prison life. The inmates, mostly blacks and Puerto Ricans with one canny, streetwise white among them, recreate themselves in a taut, muscular, menace-charged dance among familiars—fighting, bantering, bopping elaborate Latin rhythms on table tops—all interspersed with hungry homosexual pursuits. The latter, like the convenient assortment of stock modern social aliens, we are to accept as the order of the prison day. You won't have heard this language on a stage, though I doubt if it's as shocking to audiences as is supposed.

Into the dayroom comes a new prisoner, Clark Davis, the child molester, a white marshmallow of a young man in a thin khaki suit who cannot cope with himself, much less these men. In a long, clinically detailed monologue he confesses to one inmate his tormenting, perverse obsession with eight-year-old girls. In frenzies of revulsion and righteousness, the inmates (whose crimes we never know) first brutally shove him head first into the lidless toilet and later, in full view of a prison guard, slit the young pervert's throat. After a token investigation and coverup, the inmates learn that "Short Eyes" was in-



nocent of this particular molestation. There follows a most unlikely, contrived discussion among the inmates about their collective guilt, and the play ends with their transfer to different cell blocks.

"Authenticity," here, is a dramatic and heavily moral mission to make credible this dehumanized netherworld of blurred and blunted moral distinctions. (I doubt that without this "authentic" cast, Piñero's play will ever do that.) Youthful sections of current audiences, usually blacks, Puerto Ricans, or hippie types, release a chilling cheer when the convicts slit the young degenerate's throat. They seem willing to be plunged into the vortex of tensions and mindless violence in which—it must be pointed out—these convicts are seizing upon an opportunity. The judged become judges, less in anger than in hunger, for they execute the pervert with self-satisfying certainty of their superiority. Theirs is an act of self-righteousness, of self-definition. Piñero's play is more about these hungers than he yet knows, from the shifting loyalties of race relations in the dayroom to the pretty, young Mercado's scrappy resistance to all homosexual advances. Piñero is not in full control

Gary Jay Williams *received his PhD in theater history from Yale.*

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of his play and there is unrealized irony in the degeneracy of the men who kill the degenerate. Some feel the play damns society and its prisons and ghettos, and point to Piñero's own boyhood as a Harlem drug hustler. Others fear the play absolves the convicts of responsibility for their fate. I found the play more grossly sensational than perceptive in its picture of humanity.

Surely the season's most stillborn conception was the early-closing *Ulysses in Nighttown*, directed by Burgess Meredith with Zero Mostel as Leopold Bloom. Producer Alexander Cohen issued a pamphlet with each ticket ("to the Serious Theatergoer") warning of the play's sexuality. A passage from Molly Bloom's erotic monologue was delivered in the nude (which really didn't help), and the brothel scenes were arrayed with bare bosoms. With that much literalism and so much of Dublin and the grand Joycean whimsy missing, to say nothing of the language, the production seemed to be operating on the assumption that if it could be a landmark of pornography, it would be true to Joyce. Mostel, unguided, was a rhinoceros on the roof. Cohen added insult to incompetence with a *Times* ad accusing us all of cultural dereliction for not supporting it. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Cheap Good Food

I wouldn't want anybody to miss one of the best cookbooks I've ever come across, especially now that it has appeared in an inexpensive paperback. This is Miriam Ungerer's *Good Cheap Food* now published by Signet at $1.50. You can also buy it in the original 1973 hard cover edition for $10, in paper for $3.95 (these are Viking editions). I am mad for this book, and give it the only telling accolade you can give a cookbook—I use it constantly. Because the food is great, and so are the prose and the information about the food (Miss Ungerer is a very funny writer). When the book first came out, I reviewed it for the *New York Times Book Review* (this was in April 1973), and I've seen no reason since then to change my mind about the selection and interrelation of recipes, the nonpatronizing approach, the data on foods, such as fats, vegetables, equipment needed, etc. Everybody who has seen and used the book feels the same way. As I said before, the prose is funny: there is a Stone-Broke Hash (very good) in a chapter called "The Bitter End" in which, according to the author, "short of stealing saltines and catchup from cafeterias, the recipes are about as economical as you can get."

Good Cheap Food is not all rock bottom food; on the contrary. I think it would have been better titled as *Cheap Good Food* because it shows that you can produce cheap good food with thought and care and that, like the author, you can avoid waste in making what you want to make. With Miriam Ungerer's permission, I hereby reprint two soups from the book which I have made over and over again, to the admiration of all who have eaten them.

Savory Summer Soup (Zucchini)
(Serves 6 to 8)

4 young, dark green zucchini (6 to 7 inches long)
1 green bell pepper
3 medium onions
2 large cloves garlic
4 tablespoons butter
salt and white pepper
2 tablespoons fresh thyme, chopped (skip this if the fresh herb is unavailable)
6 cups chicken broth
1 cup heavy cream
fresh chives or parsley, minced

Slice 3 zucchini, the pepper, and the onions. Mince the garlic. Sauté the vegetables in 3 tablespoons of the butter over very low heat in a heavy pot. Cook, stirring often, about 10 minutes, or until the vegetables are tender but have not browned at all. Add salt and pepper to taste, thyme (if available). Stir in the chicken broth and simmer, uncovered, for 15 minutes. Meanwhile, thinly slice (do not peel) the remaining zucchini and sauté it briefly in 1 tablespoon butter until barely tender and still bright green. This should take about 3 minutes—stir and watch closely that it doesn't overcook and go mushy. Immediately turn the sliced vegetable out onto a china plate to cool quickly. Reserve.

Cool the soup slightly and purée it in a blender or a food mill. Stir in the cream and the sliced, cooked zucchini. Adjust the seasoning—the soup should be rather highly seasoned, as chilling vitiates flavors. Chill 24 hours and serve with a scattering of fresh herbs (chives or parsley). (N.H.'s note: I also found that the soup is good hot and that it does not need a full 24 hours' chilling, as long as you get it good and cold through and through. But the longer chilling marries the flavors, as we so tenderly say in culinary language.)

Hot and Cold Onion Soup
(Makes 1½ quarts)

2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon cumin (powdered)
½ teaspoon tumeric (saffron is nicer but expensive)
½ teaspoon white pepper or dried red flakes
1 cardamom pod crushed
3 large (4-inch) onions, sliced
1 large potato, diced
½ pint light cream (or milk)
1 quart hot chicken broth
salt to taste
minced fresh chives or parsley

Melt butter in an enamel-lined iron kettle. Add cumin, turmeric or saffron, white or red pepper, and cardamom. Stir and cook gently 5 minutes. Add the sliced onions, stir them around, cover and cook until they are quite limp but not browned. Swirl the potato into the onions and spices and pour on hot chicken broth. Simmer, covered, 20 minutes. Cool about 10 minutes, then purée in a blender. Pour into a nonmetallic container, blend in the cream or milk, and taste for salt. Cold soups should always be slightly oversalted because chilling dulls the flavor, another reason why this seemingly spicy soup is so delicate cold. Chill overnight, if possible, or at least 4 hours. Serve in cold white china cups and sprinkle with minced fresh chives or parsley. Although it seems sybaritic as is, when you get rich, serve the soup with a little dollop of black caviar adrift on the pale yellow cream. M.U's note: if you haven't got all these spices, substitute: ½ teaspoon Italian crushed red pepper flakes, 1½ tablespoons curry powder, and the juice of a quarter of a lemon. (But please don't do this.)

(N.H.'s note: in times of stress, I have also used ¼ teaspoon to ½ teaspoon ground cardamom rather than the crushed pod, though pod is tastier.) □

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BOOKS

Heroic Fidelity

EDWIN M. YODER JR.

Faulkner: A Biography
By Joseph Blotner
Random House, 2 vols. boxed, 1,846 pp., $25

It is an irony that William Faulkner clearly did not foresee and might have deplored: he who said it was his ambition to be "as a private individual, abolished and voided from history, leaving it markless," has now been portrayed in one of the longest literary biographies in English, his private life exhaustively exposed in two hefty volumes that with index and notes total 2,232 pages. The length and price would perhaps console him, since they may limit the audience to Faulkner devotees of some affluence.

Faulkner *might* deplore it, I say. One never knows in his case which of the many masks and poses echoed the bedrock of his complicated character. Was it, indeed, the fetishist of privacy? Was it the war hero with the gimpy leg who returned from his Canadian hitch in the RAF after the First War, claiming to have a metal plate in his head, though he didn't and hadn't in fact heard a shot fired in anger? Was it the puckish poseur who once asked companions in Charlottesville, Va. to drop him by the house to pick up his "Sears Roebuck" false teeth, or who once informed a nosy lady that in the film of *Sanctuary* he would "play the corncob"? Was it the Mississippi rustic, "farmer," and huntsman whom it took a full-scale family intrigue to produce in Stockholm to receive his Nobel Prize? The Charlottesville foxhunter of the later years? True, then, invasions of his privacy aroused William Faulkner to furious journalistic fulminations on the death of the "American dream," yet the privacy fetish may have been at least half a pose, like all the others. And when he befriended Joseph Blotner, then a young assistant professor of English at the University of Virginia, did he not recognize in this eager shepherd of a lion the ambitions of a Boswell?

The result, starkly imposing as the Firth of Forth bridge, is as formidable a job of literary detection and documentation as any since Boswell lurked at Dr. Sam Johnson's elbow in the coffee houses of eighteenth century London; and the reading of the one is akin to the painting of the other. It is also an appealing and sometimes moving portrait, one of the best since Boswell immortalized the Great Cham of Literature. For Blotner's zeal, fortitude, and thoroughness I for one am grateful. That would hardly need saying, ordinarily, but influential reviewers have committed the fallacy of begrudging the very scope of the work, apart from its content: as if the designer of a great battleship had been faulted for failing to launch a nutshell.

WHATEVER its length, the test of a biography, and maybe the only test that really counts, is whether the writer has done his duty to truth and form and has given credible and authentic shape to his subject. That Blotner has done, and as to detail almost faultlessly. In more than 1,800 pages of narrative, I counted two trivial errors: Lord Russell, the very English philosopher, becomes a "white-maned Welshman"; and since he was white-maned, if not Welsh, even this error is half true. Charles Wilson, Eisenhower's Defense Secretary, is identified as a former president of GE, not GM. Those more familiar than I with the minutiae of Faulkner's life and career may discover other slips of detail; they are nearly inevitable in a work of this scope. But I did not.

A further question about a monumental biography is whether it substantially reshapes the existing public image or reputation of the subject. Blotner's does not. From briefer studies, including distinguished sketches by Malcolm Cowley, James Meriwether, Cleanth Brooks, and Michael Millgate, we knew that Faulkner was a very private if not reclusive man who slaved at his writing table as dedicatedly as any American-born novelist since Henry James; that he was, in the best sense, intensely provincial; that his work, in part by reason of his own zeal for privacy, went unnoticed by the larger American reading public for perhaps the first two thirds of his career; that early popular critics, such as Henry Seidel Canby and Clifton Fadiman, dismissed him with maddening flippancies or pointless moralizing, to which he fortunately paid no mind.

We also knew that he enjoyed among family, friends, neighbors, agents, and editors a reputation for courtliness and generosity quite extraordinary. These characteristics are all confirmed, some in heart-rending detail. Blotner's principal contribution, then, is to take this almost spectral Faulkner, with its blurred lines and faint colors, and to daub in the highlights and shadows and cross-hatchings, the richer hues, so that at length a figure emerges into a man and a prototype into an artist.

FAULKNER, as here depicted, was a writer cast by both heritage and ambition in an heroic mold, a character almost un-American in his self-possession and independence. He looked back to ancestors from the Scottish Highlands who after the lost cause of Culloden immigrated to America, bringing

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: First of the Watergate memoirs is Jeb Magruder's *An American Life* (Atheneum, $10). . . . Peter Schrag's *Test of Loyalty* is a hymn to Ellsberg (Simon & Schuster, $9.95). . . . Robert Nozick unfolds the anarcholibertarian arguments in *Anarchy, State, and Utopia* (Basic, $12.95). . . . *Kiss Hollywood Good-bye* is a memoir of the 30s and 40s by Anita Loos (Viking, $8.95). . . . The second part of Malcolm Muggeridge's autobiography, *Chronicles of Wasted Time: The Infernal Grove*, carries him through World War II (Morrow, $7.95).

■ PAPERBACKS JUST OUT: For a note of traditional sanity, try Darien Cooper's *You Can Be the Wife of a Happy Husband* (Victor, $1.95). . . . Strictly among we girls, Lorelei and her friend Anita Loos are back in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* and *But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes* (Curtis, $1.25 each). . . . Candle power? Bantam's May list includes *The Mother Earth News Handbook of Homemade Power* ($1.95).

■ AUGUST TITLES: Three from Viking: French economist René Dumont helped Castro, now blisters his regime in *Is Cuba Socialist?* ($6.95); *Frieda Lawrence: The Story of Frieda von Richthofen and D. H. Lawrence* is a study by Robert Lucas ($10); *Bertrand Russell's America: Volume I, 1896-1945* is a recounting of his visits, by Barry Feinberg and Ronald Kasrils ($15). . . . Gail Sheehy's *Hustling* expands her talked-about series on prostitution in *New York* Magazine (Delacorte, $7.95). . . . After foreign corresponding for the *Times*, Tad Szulc came back in 1970, tells about rediscovering America in *Innocents at Home* (Viking, $10). . . . Paul Erdman follows *The Billion Dollar Sure Thing* with another novel of hot money, *The Silver Bears* (Scribner's, $6.95). . . . *And I Remember Spain*, an anthology on the Spanish War assembled by Murray Sperber, includes contributions by Eliot, Waugh, Hemingway, Orwell, Dos Passos, Auden, Aldous Huxley, Shaw, and Koestler (Macmillan, $7.95/$2.95).

Richard Bach pursues *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* with *A Gift of Wings* (Delacorte, $7.95). . . . For incurable optimists: *A Manual on Bookselling: How to Open and Run Your Own Bookstore* by Charles B. Anderson (who runs a profitable one in Larchmont), Sanford Cobb, and James F. Albright (Harmony/Crown, $9.95; paper, $3.95). . . . In *The Washington Pay-Off*, muckraker Robert N. Winter-Berger pointed the finger at Gerald Ford, who claimed he "scarcely knew" the author. Now muckraking publisher Lyle Stuart releases 34 *Gerald Ford Letters* to Winter-Berger ($7.95). . . . *The Literary Correspondence of Donald Davidson and Allen Tate*, two conservative critics, from 1922 to 1966 (Georgia, $18).

only their kilts and claymores. Whether this was fact or myth scarcely matters; this was Faulkner's heritage as he saw it: full of heroic fidelity and a bit wild. His paternal grandfather, Colonel William Falkner (his grandson was the first of the family to add the "u") was a Confederate cavalryman and a writer of minor note. On his career and his values as handed down in family lore, his poetry-writing grandson—"Count No'Count" whiling away the Oxford hours in tattered tweeds—patterned his own early ambitions. A magazine writer, one of the many who braved the screen that William Faulkner threw up around himself, was not alone in sensing "the airs of an ancient regime" in the secluded master of Rowan Oak. Blotner writes extensively about Faulkner's ancestry and immediate family. It is well along in volume one—page 246, to be exact—that he winds through the family tree down to Faulkner's first sale: a poem, to *The New Republic*.

Blotner, by the way, dispels any notion that Faulkner, the provincial by heritage, was a literary naïf or fauvist—another pose he sometimes struck. From the outset he was a deeply read, conscious, self-disciplined artist who incidentally drew upon the history, events, and people of North Mississippi because he knew them best. This land and people were his raw material, he explained to Malcolm Cowley, because "I . . . don't have time in one life to learn another one and write at the same time. . . . Life is a phenomenon but not a novelty, the same frantic steeplechase toward nothing everywhere and man stinks the same stink no matter where in time."

Countless details and episodes of peripheral importance might be mentioned, if space permitted: his affairs as tutor and would-be lover with several young woman writers; his bouts with alcohol; his generosity to friends and family; his love of horses; his travels and friendships. I single out one of them—his Hollywood experience—because Blotner's patient discussion of Faulkner the moviemaker seems to me a significant addition to Faulkner lore. In the sideline of movie scriptwriting, as in any distraction from his serious work, Faulkner was ill at ease. It removed him from home and family for long spells, as he struggled for money to pay debts or to sustain some future siege upon a waiting novel. His imagination was unsuited to the social and artistic conventions of Hollywood in the Thirties and Forties; he was a Michelangelo among the set designers. In 1945, still struggling to make ends meet with a stint in Hollywood, he wrote a screenplay based on a minor novel by Stephen Longstreet. Longstreet, summoned to revise it, recalls that it was "wild, wonderful, mad. Utterly impossible to be made into the trite movie of the period. Bill had kept little but the names and some of the situations of my novel and had gone off on a Faulknerian tour of his own despairs, passions, and storytelling. Today it would be made as a New Wave film." For Faulkner, Hollywood was ultimately a curse and a blessing. He got into impossible contract scrapes; he took sudden unauthorized leaves; he dredged up banalities alien to his talent. Yet it was the movie sale of *Intruder in the Dust*, in 1948, that finally brought him release from financial insecurity.

WHERE THIS biography may be faulted a bit—lest I leave the impression that it is flawless—is in Blotner's resolute refusal to play critic, interpreter, or cosmic analyst of either the man or the writer, whether out of diffidence or some other motive I don't know. Better that it not be done than done badly, as criticism is in at least 90 per cent of highly touted "critical" biographies.

If you want to know where, over what stretches of time, from what early seedings, Faulkner's novels and stories grew—if your questions, in other words, are bibliographical—this book is a gold mine. One sees the great works, such as the Snopes trilogy, evolving over the years from germ to whole. If one wonders about the experimental form of early works like *The Sound and the Fury* or *As I Lay Dying*, it is helpful to know just when Faulkner's friend and early patron Phil Stone presented him with a copy of *Ulysses*; the date and gift are duly recorded.

If, however, your curiosities are critical and analytical—or if you want to know in some detail how Faulkner wrote and rewrote, how the creative

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chemistry worked—you must turn elsewhere. There is still a big job to be done here, notwithstanding Cleanth Brooks's excellent critical study of the Yoknapatawpha novels of a decade ago. It will be done in time, no doubt. Blotner traces the origins of every novel and virtually every story with great care; he tells in what mood or necessity, whether of creative ease or in search of a slick magazine fee, it was done; but he has too seldom weighed, measured, and evaluated. And in this single major way the book, despite its appealing evocation of Faulkner the man and its invaluable chronicle of the work, may draw the attacks of those who believe critical analysis to be a central duty of the literary biographer. I am not certain; it often tends to be a bog of boredom, even in a good biography.

Blotner, at all events, has written a monumental study, massive and sedate and finally compelling, equal to the scope of his subject. Of it one may say that if it is not complete, critically speaking, it is certainly indispensable to the enjoyment and study of our finest American writer of prose fiction. As long as the work and memory of William Faulkner are valued, Blotner, his Boswell, must be reckoned with. □

People Are Crazy Here
By Rex Reed
Delacorte, 306 pp., $7.95

MUDPACK-RAKING, SINKING HINDENBURGS

JOHN SIMON

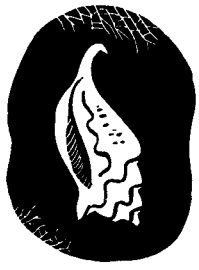
How did Rex Reed come to pass? Did Andy Warhol's Frankenstein concoct him to spread the camp sensibility into the bloodstream of silent America via the Hearst Syndicate? Or did the media fabricate him to add a touch of Bill Blass class to the low couture of Johnny Carson's *Tonight Show*? Actually, Reed was wafted north by a breeze from the Gulf to make a writing career in New York, and I have heard both Gloria Steinem and Liz Smith take rueful credit for helping him get published in their mass magazines. Soon he was film critic for Igor Cassini's malodorous and ephemeral *Status*; when that mule was shot out from under him, he began appearing as an interviewer in the Sunday *New York Times* and *Esquire*, and as a columnist in *Women's Wear Daily* and *Holiday*. He acquired a reputation for clever bitchiness and supposedly revelatory interviews with aging prima donnas, an activity best described as mudpack-raking.

What was Reed's open sesame with the celebrities? First, that he wasn't that bitchy, or that clever; a few feuds with declining divas were soon patched up, and now, with the possible exception of Richard Harris, he has no conspicuous enemies. Second, his current outlet, the Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate, gives the interviewee maximum exposure, and few performing arts luminaries have the sense to realize that all they need to hang themselves is enough tape. The occasional smart-ass comment by Reed hurts no one, and to be interviewed by him carries almost as much prestige as having one's hair done by Mr. Kenneth himself or being recognized by the headwaiter at Lutèce. About the bitchiest line in Reed's fourth and latest collection of interviews, *People Are Crazy Here*, is the remark about Cybill Shepherd's acting career, "It beats jerking sodas back home in Memphis." Even if Miss Shepherd recognized this as less than laudatory, it hardly makes a very formidable enemy for our intrepid epigrammatist.

Reed fails to meet my basic requirements for an interviewer. Except when he is forced to concentrate on atmosphere, as when Joe Namath apparently would not talk to him and all that was left was Namath's restaurant and its clientele, or when, in the profile of Grace Slick, he had extra space to kill, you do not get much feeling for ambience from the 40 pieces included in *People Are Crazy Here*. In the item about Adolph Zukor's 100th birthday party, not even the city where the eerily nostalgic goings-on took place is named. Yet the *genius loci* is not the only genius missing here.

As a portraitist, Reed is just as deficient. Rightly, he tries to concentrate on his subjects' eyes. So George C. Scott has "small cumulus clouds that make tiny swirls of hypnotic vertigo if you look in their direct focus"; rather than visualize eyes, we wonder why a small cumulus cloud isn't simply a cirrocumulus, why clouds should cause vertigo, why vertigo should be hypnotic, and how one can look into the direct focus of eyes—or what, for that matter, would be indirect focus? Bette Midler's eyes are "glittering green venetian blinds from which stars are shooting like emeralds," and one is forced to wonder whether green venetian blinds are in fact shutters, and whether one has ever seen an emerald shoot—and shoot in a cowardly fashion, from behind venetian blinds, painted green, no doubt, as camouflage for an emerald. Tennessee Williams is "shy, pursued by visions of hell, and blind in one eye." Curious collocation: is it the hellish visions or the shyness that blinds you in one eye? And does one get the visions of hell in the blind or in the seeing eye?

Reed's hearing is no sharper than his vision. Sylvia Miles has a voice "so low it would make a dulcimer jealous," where Reed clearly cannot tell his dulcimer from his double bass. Joan Hackett has a "crisp, cool voice that sounds like a poet reading Little Orphan Annie," where one speculates whether the poet might be Edith Sitwell, Carl Sandburg, or Frank O'Hara, each of whose reading of Little Orphan Annie would differ considerably from the others'. George C. Scott has a "rasping Rasputin of a voice," from which we get only a rasp put in for frivolously verbal reasons. Tuesday Weld gives out with a "freckled whisper of a gurgle, lonely and little girlish and faraway," which carries synesthesia to new depths, and makes for a fallacy pathetic enough to squeeze tears out of stones.



Can Reed at least conjure up a human presence as a whole? Well, George C. Scott is "a sour green apple with a

Edwin M. Yoder Jr. *is assistant editor of the* Greensboro Daily News. . . . **John Simon** *is film critic for* Esquire. . . . **Ronald De Feo**'*s criticism and short stories have appeared in numerous journals.* . . . **Steven Kosek** *teaches English at Northern Illinois University.* . . . **William Murchison** *is with the* Dallas Morning Star.

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soft core, hounded by the furies all his life," leaving open the question whether the Eumenides were after that pomiform Orestes for his sourness or his soft core (the hard core version, by the way, was censored by Hollywood). Tuesday Weld has a "rosebud mouth on her gentle, uncharted face" that "should be erupting into a graceful discourse," with Reed clearly mistaking "uncharted" for unlined, and illiterately assuming that a graceful discourse can erupt like Krakatoa. Here is Bette Midler at the Continental Baths: "Up from the stygian depths of New York's steamy, seamy night-spas Bette is emerging like a nymphet Lorelei, singing and tempting her eclectic audiences right onto the comfortable-rare rocks of laughter and sentimentality." Quite aside from the fact that Miss Midler is rather overaged for a nymphet and facially underendowed for a Lorelei, the rocks onto which a siren tempts one are hardly a laughing matter, and sentimentality does not have a rocklike consistency. And how is an audience eclectic?

WHAT Reed means is heterogeneous (though, to be sure, there is little that is hetero about Miss Midler's audiences), but he doesn't know words any better than he knows history (the stage version of *Gone with the Wind* "sank . . . like the *Hindenburg*"), zoology (he absurdly uses the giraffe's movements as an example of clumsiness), physics ("the vibes in the room are kinetic"—what else can they be?), fine arts (Portsmouth, England, looks "like an Utrillo watercolor"), opera (he wrote in a column that the Cockettes, a transvestite act, "came down the aisle like the Anvil Chorus from *Aïda*," and when I pointed out to him that the Anvil Chorus is a piece of music sung in a stationary position and located in *Il Trovatore*, he merely changed this in reprinting it here to "like the chorus from *Aïda*," which is meaningless), ballet ("she takes a ballet pose like a white swan turning discreetly away from her odious black sister"—a totally garbled reference to something that does *not* occur in *Swan Lake*), or drama (he refers to "Doreen [sic] in *Tartuffe*"—maybe in *Tartuffe Goes to Hollywood*). Still, his insensitivity to words remains his most disastrous feature: he writes that Bette Davis moves "like a ravishing barracuda," though the only creature that could be ravished by a barracuda is another barracuda.

Why, then, is Reed such a popular success? Because besides slaking the public's thirst for gossip, he mirrors the public's vulgarity and sentimentality. Here is his list of the finer things in life: "koala bears [they are not bears], Harold Arlen songs, country tomatoes served with fresh dill, St.-Jean-Cap-Ferrat at four in the afternoon, . . . any house Gloria Vanderbilt lives in, Concord Bridge . . . in . . . mid-October, the smell of gingerbread baking, and, of course, Kay Thompson." Something for everyone, jetsetter or rube, oldtimer or child, reader of Suzy Knickerbocker or the Eloise chronicles. And Reed reflects and serves the basic public dichotomy by simultaneously crawling in both directions: though Los Angeles is a place that "guarantees a loss of a few IQ points each year" to its inhabitants, "MGM was . . . the symbol of perfection and glamour" to "a lot of critics . . . like myself." And this is the reason I have gone on so long about Reed: the fact that he has conned a lot of Americans into endowing their image of the critic with his mental and physical lineaments. Pascal defined man as a thinking reed; Rex, alas, is a Reed of another sort. □

FICTION

The Rachel Papers
By Martin Amis
Knopf, 228 pp., $5.95

THE JOY OF SEX?

RONALD DE FEO

As a reader of British magazines and newspapers, such as *The New Statesman*, *The Listener*, and *The Observer*, I've come to admire and look forward to the work of Martin Amis, a conspicuous newcomer to the ranks of British book reviewers. What is surprising about Mr. Amis is that at 24 he already possesses the authority and sophistication that most reviewers take years to acquire (perhaps his gifts were inherited—he is the son of novelists Kingsley Amis and Elizabeth Jane Howard). In recent months he has produced some first-rate pieces, including very perceptive reviews of John Carey's Dickens study and Iris Murdoch's new novel for the year.

The best thing about *The Rachel Papers*, Amis' first novel, is that it is a confident, assured performance, energetic, irreverent, and (for some of the way at least) quite witty. The narrator is Charles Highway, "child of an unbroken home," a brash, self-centered student who is waiting to enter Oxford. At 19 (soon to be 20), Highway is preoccupied with sex. But unlike the sheltered, fumbling innocents who usually inhabit novels focusing on teenage sex and hard times, Charles has had considerable bedroom experience. He prides himself on his ability as a lover and he imagines himself satisfying a host of females—those he meets at parties, those he studies on TV as they play tennis in revealing shorts, those he passes on the street. So singleminded is Charles that he is not above having impure thoughts about his own sister. Somehow, though, Charles seems to derive more pleasure from contemplating sex than from actually having it. The boy lacks spontaneity. His gestures, his language, his sexual overtures are completely calculated to produce the desired results. Charles doesn't follow his instincts but rather, elaborate game plans. When he sets his sights on Rachel, a tall, striking girl he discovers at a party, he devises elaborate schemes to attract and ultimately bed her. Mission accomplished, Charles finds himself in love with the poor creature. It is an unsettling position for a coldhearted cad like him to be in, and eventually it proves too much for him. For Charles, familiarity, commitment breed contempt.

AMIS CAPTURES Charles's impatient, nervy banter quite well, and in the beginning we are carried along by Charles's verbal energy, his sarcasm and conceit. But a little of the boy goes a long way, and he does become a bit of a bore, a rather tasteless one at that. His obsessions, which seemed amusing at first, now appear tiresome and predictable. We have come to know him too well, and, all considered, he isn't really terribly attractive or interesting. The problem isn't that we get only one side of him, but rather that there is only one side of him to get. And for all Amis' flash, he isn't able to give that side enough shading to hold us for an entire book. Rachel doesn't help matters, for she comes across as an attrac-

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tive blank. Since she is hardly the challenge that Charles makes her out to be, we wonder why Charles doesn't move in for the kill much, much earlier. The author is also defeated somewhat by the conversational tone he maintains throughout the novel. Occasionally he allows the structure to grow too slack, with the result that some scenes seem to possess little purpose or punch.

The Rachel Papers, then, is very much of a hit-and-miss affair. Fortunately, however, it hits more than it misses, and it makes me curious to see what Martin Amis will produce next. □

Wampeters, Foma & Granfalloons
By Kurt Vonnegut Jr.
Delacorte/Seymour Lawrence, 285 pp., $8.95

THROUGH AMBIGUITIES, LIGHTLY

STEVEN KOSEK

A young poet recently described his daily journal as an asterisk-ridden affair. He used an asterisk, it seems, to indicate a passage that was not necessarily his absolute or final statement on a particular subject. Another volume, just published, would benefit from a similar method of notation. It's called *Wampeters, Foma & Granfalloons* and its author, ostensibly a novelist, is really the world-famous public relations man, Kurt Vonnegut Jr.

It may be 20 years since Mr. Vonnegut officially held that title (he was employed in that capacity by General Electric of Schenectady), but the spirit of pr lives on in his fiction and in this collection of previously published articles, speeches, and interviews. Taken individually, each of the pieces is a delightful unit of casual and well focused prose designed both to inform and to sedate the reader. But by bringing these pieces together, publisher Seymour Lawrence has locked in, between hard covers, a composite picture that accurately reveals the extent of Vonnegut's essentially schizophrenic world view.

You will notice as you read this book that the author contradicts himself from essay to essay, speech to speech. Contradiction is a pr device, and its use here calls for asterisks or some other system to alert the reader to Vonnegut's Jekyll-Hyde approach. He raves about the New Journalism, for example, in his review of Hunter Thompson's *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail*, but speaks out against it in the preface. He asks the graduating class at Bennington College to believe that they are at the center of the universe, but at the rededication of Wheaton College Library, he describes ancient people who held just such a belief and comments, "those were pitiful days."

He also claims in his preface that his nonfiction deals in Truth. In the *Playboy* interview, though, he tells the interviewer, "You understand, of course, that everything I say is horseshit." To deepen the ambiguity, Vonnegut has chosen, as a title for the anthology, three words from the bogus religion in *Cat's Cradle* that claims everything is a lie. In the face of such paradoxical prose the confused reader can expect adequate stimulation, but very few answers.

In spite of the contradictions, though, maybe even because of them, Vonnegut accomplishes what few other writers would dare to attempt: he makes Americans see themselves. By contradiction, he reveals the contradictions in our lifestyle. There are times when Vonnegut needs to have his hands slapped for the errors in his doctrine, but more often he raises valid points and describes the world in a way that reveals much about Americans.

His favorite scheme is the cosmic overview. He uses it in his novel *Breakfast of Champions*, when he writes about "two lonesome, skinny, fairly old white men on a planet which was dying fast." He uses it again, with great effectiveness, in his *Harper's* article on the 1972 Republican convention. It is in his speeches, though, that Vonnegut comes on strongest, with statements on the political influence of writers, on the Vietnam war, on science, and on the art of being humane.

In many of the more banal articles, Vonnegut merely has a bit of fun with his subject matter, going the rounds with science fiction writers (". . . they are joiners. . . . If they didn't enjoy having a gang of their own so much, there would be no such category"), with the Maharishi (title: "Yes We Have No Nirvanas"), and with the Space Program ("You dig 50 pounds of moon rock, and what do you get? Another day older and deeper in debt").

What makes Vonnegut interesting and this book, like his others, so pleasurable is the unusual yet often apt way he sees things. His latest insights come out in his speeches and in the *Playboy* interview, which, despite his disclaimer, gives an incredibly truthful picture of the author. He talks cheerfully about his biochemical-anthropological theory of the human condition, which comes complete with a typically madcap solution for frustration developed from some currently popular, but nonetheless valid, psychological theories.

By proposing outrageous solutions to what he sees as social dilemmas, though, and by taking reasonable positions based on zany points of view, Vonnegut risks receiving the same response elicited by the alien creatures who conversed by tap dancing and farting, in his Kilgore Trout story "The Dancing Fool." One of the fellows, it seems, had a bad experience on planet Earth when he tried to warn some people that their house was on fire. Instead of heeding the warning, the people reacted strangely, cracking him on the head with a golf club. In that neighborhood, hopping and farting were not considered the proper way of giving warning. □

George IV: Prince of Wales, 1762-1811
By Christopher Hibbert
Harper, 338 pp., $10

GETTING TO KNOW PRINNY

WILLIAM MURCHISON

He possessed, said his friend and boon companion, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, "the most womanish mind" Sheridan ever had encountered. And for a fact, George Augustus Frederick, eldest son of King George III and therefore Prince of Wales, was forever in love, if not with one mistress then with a rival, if not with the rival then with the latest charmer to cross his not always discriminating sights.

He would become King George IV

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upon his father's death in 1820. And yet it is as Prince of Wales, Prince Regent during George's final madness, that history remembers him best. He is the soul of an age devoted—in the popular supposition, at least—to pleasure, high living, and luxury. For all that, he cuts a somewhat pathetic figure.

Christopher Hibbert, the author of numerous reliable books on British history, has told most of the Prince's story in a curiously poker faced (given the subject matter) but illuminating biography that ends with the start of the Regency. A second volume on George as regent and king is to follow.

THE Prince's patrimony was his misfortune. He would have made a splendid royal duke, like his roistering brothers. But king? He far more enjoyed the prerogatives of rank than its responsibilities. "Prinny" (his jocose nickname) seems to have had no settled principles, no firm political convictions. He backed the Whigs because Whigs like Sheridan and Charles James Fox were his tutors in pleasure.

Womanizing was the Prince's long suit: as long as Hibbert's tally of his bed partners. The Prince, as Sheridan shrewdly observed, was "too much every lady's man to be the man of any lady." The love of his life, if any woman can be so characterized, was the amiable Mrs. Fitzherbert, a Roman Catholic widow whom he secretly married in 1785 and lived with for years, though never acknowledging her publicly as his wife. Even to her he could be unfaithful, as, for example, when he fell in love with the Countess of Jersey. "He wanted," says Hibbert, "both women at once."

The Prince's constitutional inability to be faithful made all the more hopeless a marriage that would have taxed the patience of any man—his official marriage in 1795 to his first cousin, Princess Caroline of Brunswick. The Princess of Wales was a hoyden. She made stupid, thoughtless jokes, talked far too much and too loudly, and (at least when she left Brunswick) bathed all too infrequently. The Prince got roaring drunk on his wedding day; only thus could he go through the ceremony. And soon he came to loathe his wife. She was a "very monster of iniquity," "a worthless wretch." Of course they quickly separated. The Prince leaned again on Mrs. Fitzherbert, while Caroline leaned on the English populace, which somewhat perversely—Prinny was none too popular—took her to their hearts.

The Prince's character, Hibbert shows us, is subject to misunderstanding. He was a voluptuary, to be sure, and a profligate spender who, in need of a few walking sticks, would buy 32; he was nearly always in debt. But he had gifts. A visitor to Brighton Pavilion —Prinny's famous extravaganza of a retreat—pronounced him full of "affability and good humor" and displaying "the most finished civility." Probably no Englishman had more natural charm. Nor was the Prince deficient in basic kindliness and good intentions, however badly he might sometimes behave. Alas, he had an erratic, hyperemotional nature. He loved and sorrowed to excess. On occasion, his emotions actually made him physically ill. Hibbert (no Freudian, thank heaven) suggests that, like his father, the mad king, he may have suffered from the hereditary metabolic disorder known as porphyria.

A fascinating figure, Prinny. One looks forward to meeting him again, for Hibbert has drawn him with real dimensions and told his story with commendable balance, care, and narrative skill. □

Book reviews are indexed in the Book Review Index.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THIRTY-FOUR EAST, *by Alfred Coppel (Harcourt, 434 pp., $7.95).* This is a surefire bestseller, a book actually as good as the claims made for it by the publisher's dustjacket puffery. The novel of nuclear apocalypse is hardly new—*Seven Days in May*, *Dr. Strangelove*, and a score of pleonastic third rate hack jobs—but it has never been done this effectively. The setting is the Mideast, with the Americans and Russians at each other's throats. The plot is a series of crises, unfolding at a gallop, leading up, with apparent inevitability, to the big bang. The tendency in the apocalyptic genre is to fantasize, to exaggerate current trends, and to people the novel with grotesques. But Coppel's plot is a perfectly believable projection of today's international situation into the future, and his characters, although types, are unusually well-rounded and believable. (Coppel is one of the few novelists around who can draw believable, complex military men without lapsing into caricature.) The Mideastern background is especially well handled, as is the technical detail; and the plan for a permanent Mideastern ceasefire is an ingenious one, far superior to anything developed by real-life diplomats. Which proves, in case we've forgotten, that good novelists tend always to be more imaginative and intelligent than the people who govern them.

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

THE DANCE OF LEGISLATION, *by Eric Redman (Simon & Schuster, 319 pp., $7.95).* Here, minutely and lovingly detailed, is an account of how one bill, the National Health Service Corps (NHSC), became law. In 1970, Redman was a legislative assistant to Warren Magnuson, the other senator from Washington. As the liberal Magnuson envisioned it, the NHSC would provide sorely needed medical care for the ghetto and rural poor, with the government, of course, paying the bills. After "Maggie" introduced the plan, it became Redman's responsibility to shepherd it through the congressional maze and on to the President's desk. Redman takes us behind the scenes and shows just how it was done. Helped by other legislative aides, he went about lining up support for the bill. After a little compromising, an amazed Redman tells us, Magnuson's NHSC not only had the support of the good guys, principled liberals, but also penny-pinching "archconservatives." Eventually, the bill wound up on the President's desk and, after some suspense, was signed by him into law. However, since the NHSC became law, it hasn't lived up to the great expectations. Redman blames a confused Administration for this. Magnuson, for his part, busily churns out more "major health bills."

KEVIN LYNCH

MARYLAND'S REVOLUTION OF GOVERNMENT, 1689-1692, *by Lois Green Carr and David William Jordan (Cornell, 321 pp., $15).* Historians, an historian once told me, don't so much read books as use them. *Maryland's Revolution of Government* is definitely a book to be used rather than read, with its exhaustive research—the authors, sponsored by the Maryland Bicentennial Commission and St. Mary's City Commission, have pored through stacks of records in Maryland and London, and offer much material that has never before appeared in book form—and turgid prose. Not that there aren't some insights of interest to the layman. For example, schoolchildren are still being told that Maryland was a haven from religious strife; in fact, there were Protestant rebellions throughout Maryland's history, and the Catholic proprietor, Lord Baltimore, was finally overthrown by the Protestants. There is also a useful lesson here about over-centralized government: one reason Maryland was able to survive this revolution was that she had strong, stable local governments. Unfortunately, the bad writing and the wealth of detail necessary for the authors' and sponsors' purpose unfit the book for all but the most dedicated general readers.

LINDA BRIDGES

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BECK

(Continued from page 749)

Prostitution Board (CPB) was established in 1993 with full authority to issue such regulations as it found necessary "to prevent prostitutes from offering, free or at reduced prices, conveniences not an integral part of the basic service they perform and thus circumventing the intent of Congress in the Equal Opportunity Act of 1992 to establish uniform prices for a homogeneous service."

Inequality was also a problem with the consumers of prostitutes' services. Many impoverished, unmarried males could not afford to pay a prostitute, and yet clearly sex was just as much a necessity as food, housing, medical and legal assistance, education up to the PhD level, and television entertainment, all of which the government provided for all needy citizens. So in 1999 Congress adopted the "sex stamps" program, which gave poor males the means to acquire a prostitute's services, just as food stamps and rent supplements gave the poor the means to acquire food and housing. In order to ensure that all eligible recipients of sex stamps were aware of the program, the FCC required radio and television stations to broadcast two minutes of public advertisements each day explaining the eligibility requirements for the program.

Only after several years of legalized prostitution did statistical studies reveal the health hazards of sex. It was found that a disproportionately large number of middle-aged males suffered heart attacks during or shortly after relations with prostitutes. Physicians claimed these statistics established a causal relation between heart attacks and the stress associated with extramarital sex. In 2001 the FTC required all prostitutes' solicitations to include the following warning: "Caution: The Surgeon General has found that sex may be hazardous to your health."

We have recounted the advantages of government regulation in bringing society the benefits of sexual freedom without ignoring the concerns of equality and public welfare, as would a policy of laissez-faire. Of course this program has not been without its opponents. Recently a retired prostitute who had practiced her profession before 1984 remarked, "A prostitute was freer before legalization than she is now, with the regulation from IRS, HEW, EEOC, CPB, the National Occupational Licensing Board, and all the rest. Before 1984 all you had to do was bribe the local cops and you were left alone to practice your business without interference." But how many people would agree with such a reactionary view today? □

VARNADO

(Continued from page 760)

PRESIDENT *(chuckling)*: Ah, those wonderful Catholics. Now as for you, Ratskeller, you realize that this means the end of your political career. You're not personally involved, I admit, but everyone around me must be cleaner than a hound dog—or something. Pick up your severance pay on the way out —$122, I believe.

(Sound of a shot.)

PRESIDENT: Gracious Goodness! The poor man has shot himself. What a pity. And he's bleeding all over the carpet. That will cost the taxpayers money. Ah me, the agony of High Office. *(Buzzer.)*

SQUAREGOOD: Mr. President, a message has come from your daughter in Spokane. She just had her baby. It's a boy.

PRESIDENT: I see. Well, that's fine—but a girl would have been just as nice. By the way, Miss Squaregood, you may recall that my daughter was married exactly nine months and two days ago, so everything is quite proper. I mention this in passing. Please send congratulations—the form letter—and sign it The White House Staff. Oh, Miss Squaregood, make sure the CIA keeps sending in those hourly reports on my wife. Now is there anything else?

SQUAREGOOD: Yes, sir. There are several people to see you, including a little man who says he's from a tutorial service. Says he's here to give you your lesson in sign language.

PRESIDENT: Oh, yes. Well send him in first. And make my apologies to the others—especially if there are any ethnics. □

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Personal

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[CHARLES] MACKAY:

[The] Lost Beauties of [the] English [Language].

A nation whose language becomes rude and barbarous, must be on the brink of barbarism in regard to everything else. A nation which allows her language to go to ruin, is parting with the last half of her intellectual independence, and testifies her willingness to cease to exist.

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BROGAN

(Continued from page 759)

chance to reassert herself. But there was one formality. England had to go through the qualifying rounds to be one of the 16 who would play in West Germany. This was regarded as a rather tedious preliminary, but it proved otherwise. The Waterloo came at Wembley, where England simply had to beat Poland. A draw was not enough. As the game wore on, it began to look as if Poland would draw, in spite of all that England tried, which included an English player's wrapping his arms around a Polish player to stop him from getting at the ball. In the end it was Poland that scored and won the match.

I have spoken of Waterloo, but the comparison is quite inadequate. It was the fall of Babylon, the sack of Rome, and the Götterdämmerung of the Third Reich all wrapped up together. As a consequence Sir Alf was fired. The word is appropriate for he departed so suddenly he might have been propelled by high explosives.

No wonder the English walk with downcast head and heavy tread. North Sea oil may greatly help our sickly economy, but what can it do for the bruised spirit and broken pride? "We taught the world to play soccer" has a hollow sound when we cannot qualify to play with our former pupils. Is it possible that the supremacy of English footballers is as phony as the supremacy of English prizefighters? England has been relegated to the second division. This thought will haunt the island race for the next four years. It is a long time to wait for a dawn. With no guarantee that the sun will rise. □

LETTERS

(Continued from page 733)

Some of your readers would rather "put up with" Dan Rather than Mr. Nixon ["The Week," April 12]. He asks the questions that we would like to ask.

As long as there are reporters who ask probing and even impertinent questions, there is some hope that we will not always have to tolerate corruption in the government. The necessity for impertinence on the part of the interviewer is proportionate to the evasiveness of the subject being interviewed.

As a mother of four, I find myself having to defend previously implanted ideals of morality and justice in government, thanks to Nixon. I cringe when I think of the tactics they are learning while observing this farce of an Administration, and our continuing toleration of it. They will be the leaders of tomorrow.

Knoxville, Tenn. JANE SHAFFER

In May 1973 Senator Buckley wrote: "It appears that the vultures are circling—hoping against hope to find the corpse of the Presidency. It is the Presidency that is at stake just as much as the credibility of Richard Nixon. . . . I urge all Americans to give the President the support he needs and deserves in this troubled time." Right on! And what was true last year applies with even greater cogency today, when anti-Nixon rumors, innuendos, and calumnies are proliferating and steadily growing in virulence. More than ever, therefore, the President and the Presidency must be energetically defended by us all.

Let's nail this down: it is categorically inadmissible, logically and morally, to demand Mr. Nixon's resignation solely because a pack of monomaniacs have produced a nonstop uproar. If sanity and justice can so lightly be cast aside, the ground indeed trembles under our feet. It was fortunate for Captain Dreyfus, who also figured in a crisis of the regime, that his vindication was not imperiled by a Buckleyan ukase: "I deem your reputation beyond repair. Who cares about your innocence?"

Mr. Nixon, Senator Buckley says, must resign (even if innocent) and leave his "office free to defend itself with a new incumbent." Apart from the moral obtuseness of this exhortation, what makes him think a new incumbent would be free to do anything but attend cornerstone ceremonies? The Congress and a rapacious press would be dripping with Mr. Nixon's blood; the mainspring of the office would be broken; and no post-Nixon President could exercise a dime's worth of leadership in handling the affairs of state.

New York, N.Y. T. DUMONT

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

What Mr. Nixon Can Do for His Congressmen

On The Right

New York, June 12—The Democrats are not even bothering to conceal their strategy. Which, in the current season, is a combination of good sense and good politics. What's bad for the Republican Party is good for the country, they are saying in effect: but it must not be made to look as though they are opportunizing on the misfortunes of President Nixon. Thus when a few weeks ago Mr. Nixon appeared on television to announce the publication of the tapes, Senator Mansfield, speaking for the Democratic Party, graciously declined the proffered video time to dispute with Mr. Nixon. They have all felt that if Nixon is going to be impeached and convicted, it must be accomplished in a nonfactional, even nonpolemical way.

BY CONTRAST, the Republicans have no strategy. Last week Senator Dole, running for reelection in Kansas, and himself formerly chairman of the Republican National Committee, spoke candidly about his difficulties. 1) He is not permitted to say anything anywhere except something that relates to Nixon and Watergate—audiences simply yawn when he speaks about such distractions as world peace or the energy crisis. 2) Half his audience opposes Nixon, and wishes to hear from Senator Dole that the time has come to get Nixon off the back of the Republican Party. 3) Half his audience is prepared to die for Nixon (and probably will). Senator Dole gave an example of his dilemma. Someone asked him a few weeks ago whether President Nixon would fly in to campaign for him. Senator Dole replied jauntily that he would be glad if President Nixon would "fly over." In better years this would be accepted as an adroit compromise between a resolutely pro-Nixon and a resolutely anti-Nixon position. For Senator Dole it resulted in angry letters from the loyalists, including such statements as: for this offense I'll never vote for you, and will see to it that my family and friends don't either.

As things now stand, Mr. Nixon is coaxing us toward one of the greatest ironies in American political history. All along he has said that he would not quit because he was determined to execute the mandate for which he was elected. By not quitting, he is threatening to defeat that mandate. What shapes up at this moment is a veto-proof Congress, as they call it: a Congress so lopsidedly Democratic that a presidential veto of foolish, McGovernite legislation will not hold up. If this should happen, Mr. Nixon would find himself as President presiding over a country reoriented toward a McGovernite America—the result not of the people's change in inclination, but of a division among Republicans over the future of Richard Nixon, and of course a dispersion of the independents for Mr. Nixon.

There isn't much that can be done about this by the individual congressmen or senators slogging, like Senator Dole, into the teeth of the dilemma. There is something, however, that President Nixon could do. I mean without resigning.

It appears probable that the House of Representatives will impeach him. In any event, it will be foreseeable along about early July exactly what the House will do. A close study of the vote taken by the House Judiciary Committee will communicate instantly to Mr. Nixon, the politician, what the full House is likely to do. If at this moment it is really going to impeach, then President Nixon should publicly ask all Republican members to vote *in favor of* impeachment. He could put it to them that since the House is apparently determined to put questions of constitutional implications to the Senate to adjudicate, he Nixon would just as soon that the vote were unanimous, so as to strip it of any partisan flavor.

This wouldn't hurt Nixon. But it would hugely help the Republican congressmen. This way they can go back to Orange County and say: "I voted for impeachment—as President Nixon requested me to do." Both sides are pacified. The congressmen are off the hook, and the Senator Doles can decline to discuss the matter at all on the grounds of judicial impropriety. Mr. Nixon can do at least this much to serve the people who voted for him. □

BUGGING KISSINGER

New York, June 16—The other day I turned on the television and was accosted by David Halberstam referring to Henry Kissinger as "that bugger." Mr. Halberstam lives in a glass house, one observes parenthetically. After all, what is obnoxious about bugging is the violation of privacy. And Mr. Halberstam's most famous book consists very substantially in violations of privacy. If A tells B something in confidence, and B tells it to Halberstam who publishes it, that is different from Halberstam bugging a conversation between A and B, but not so very much different, it seems to me, as to justify homilies by Halberstam at the expense of buggers.

THEY ARE really after Kissinger these days on the matter of: did he or did he not initiate the bugging of some of his subordinates, or indeed of some members of the press, during the 1969-1971 period; and it is useful to consider the arguments and their progressive derailment at the hands of Mr. Kissinger's most vehement critics.

1) When the headlines report triumphantly that "No Security Information/Garnered by Wiretaps" really nothing very much is proved. It is not proved that the wiretaps should not have been installed. To say, "No Enemy Planes/Detected by DOD Radar," is not an argument for disestablishing the DEW Line network. All it means is that the 13 government officials and four newsmen who were wiretapped did not, over the wiretapped telephones, discuss the national security secrets the Executive was seeking to protect. It does not even mean, by the way, that the gentlemen in question were conclusively innocent. All it means is that they were not caught. We all know that one does

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not need to use one's private telephone for the purpose of communicating government secrets.

2) Mr. Kissinger was asked by Senator Fulbright, during the hearings on Kissinger's appointment as Secretary of State, a question I remember at the time thinking of as highly indelicate. It was the question: did Kissinger himself initiate a wiretap of any single individual? Mr. Kissinger replied in the negative, and, when pressed, said only that he had acquiesced in the general notion that surveillance of some sort was proper under the circumstances.

The reason I thought Senator Fulbright's question indelicate, as also the questions of those who are now tormenting Mr. Kissinger on the point, is this. If the general principle is established that the Executive is entitled to guard the secrecy of its innermost deliberations—whether, for instance, to tilt toward India or toward Pakistan; what fallback position we are willing to take with the Russians at Helsinki; that kind of thing—then it follows that if the secrets *are* leaking, it is necessary to do something to stop the leak. (Who says A must say B.) Now the cleanest way to proceed is by category, not by character reference. If you call in the FBI and give them the assignment, you ought not to say: "Please tap the telephones of all of the loose talkers who are privy to the minutes of the National Security Council." It is more proper to say: "Tap the telephones of everyone privy to the minutes of the National Security Council." That way you are not saying something invidious about a particular person, such as that Joe is known to run off a bit about intimate matters when he has too much to drink, or whatever. If Mr. Kissinger was pressed to give the names of one or more people whom he had observed to be a little loose-mouthed, loyalty would require that he not disclose this publicly. Because, for one thing, to be a little loose-mouthed is not necessarily a critical disqualification. No one is more indiscreet than Winston Churchill was—with the possible exception of Henry Kissinger. And both are great statesmen.

AND FINALLY, 3) I return to the point of the "bonded bugger." No decent government official should permit himself to look at the logs of telephone conversations except insofar as they deal with government secrets. These excerpts, if they occur at all, should be pulled out of the telephone logs by an anonymous and highly trusted civil servant pledged with priestly gravity to guard the confidentiality of conversations extrinsic to the point in question. These logs should be instantly burned, and the bonded bugger protected by law against any questioning about them.

Why are these elementary subtleties escaping the attention of the refined inquisitors of the Nixon Administration? Is it because they are becoming primarily inquisitors, and only secondarily men of refinement? □

KISSINGER AND THE MIASMA

New York, June 20—Mr. Kissinger's outburst, with which I thoroughly sympathize, is being criticized on many grounds. That it was self-centered. That it was ill-timed. That it was grandiose. . . . It struck me as just uncontrolled enough to give it an authentic ring. I liked particularly that the statement to the press was extemporized. It lacked, in other words, the spit and polish that sometimes raise doubts in the listener's mind about whether a statement is overcontrived.

THERE WAS no picture of Lincoln, or an American flag, or Mrs. Kissinger: just a flat denial that he had concealed anything from the Senate Committee, and a hoarse dismay that, on returning from six weeks in the Mideast, his meeting with the press should have been taken over by the questioning of a reporter who wanted to know about who had drawn up which list of buggees in 1969. It was as if Sir Francis Drake, returning from sinking the Spanish Armada, had been asked at a press conference whether he had submitted the sails on his galleon to competitive bidding.

But of course the most relentless of Mr. Nixon's critics are not going to blame the most relentless of Mr. Nixon's critics for this unseemly lapse in taste and sense of direction. They will blame Mr. Nixon, and the whole Watergate business. It is, they say, a miasma, and no one associated in any way with Mr. Nixon can crawl out from under its shadow. That is true, but the reasoning is also circular: there are too many skilled hands at work maintaining the miasma in shape, and moving it like a huge umbrella over any agent of Mr. Nixon, or for that matter deed of Mr. Nixon. Perhaps there is sufficient cause for the obsession—even as it is true, to quote somebody, that even paranoiacs have enemies. But that it is an obsession is not to be denied, and there was never a better example of it at work than in the questioning of Mr. Kissinger when he returned from the Mideast.

Where will it end? In an answer to a question by a journalist the other day I found myself saying something that surprised me. He said: "In your opinion, will Mr. Nixon be impeached?" I said: "Yes." "In your opinion," he pursued the matter, "will he be convicted?" I said: "Yes." He looked up from his notepad, greatly surprised. "Have you any reservation about these predictions?" "Yes," I said. "I may be wrong." It is tiresome to explain to intelligent people the obvious, such as that what you predict is not necessarily what you would welcome. Or that the conviction of Mr. Nixon would not necessarily be an act of justice. But it is painfully clear that only the disappearance from the public scene of Richard Nixon would dissipate the miasma that, for instance, recently caused Mr. Kissinger to go to emotional extremes.

It is everywhere, unremitting. I have just seen a manuscript about the death of the hero in sports. The author quotes a boy: "How can we have heroes in sports when Richard Nixon is President of the United States?" (The boy should be spanked.)

At the political level, Mr. Nixon is said these days to be much buoyed by recent events. Tuesday's bombshell gives only minor concussions; or so it is believed in the White House. A few months ago, a citation of contempt against Mr. Nixon such as now looms for his failure to supply the House Judiciary Committee with the extra tapes would have been met by such a firestorm as followed the Saturday Night Massacre. Now the matter has gone to the courts, and at least the fuse is elongated. Yesterday there was apparent legal chaos within the White House. Today Mr. James St. Clair is clearly in command, and his own confidence has bolstered the confidence of the President.

IT IS even rumored that the President does not expect that the House will impeach him. It is even rumored—get this—that the President believes that Mr. Rodino, the chairman of the Judiciary Committee, will vote against impeachment. If that should happen, then the vote in the House will be uproarious, and Mr. Nixon could win it. He is apparently confident that he will. But to predict how the House of Representatives might act is not safely to predict how its decision would be greeted. Perhaps Mr. Nixon, given the alternatives, would settle happily at this point for a sullen two and one half years of leadership of a community which is just plain unhappy with him. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. To return to an ancestral type — 84 108 17 118 70 123

B. Generally incompetent — 38 1 140 166 146

C. Occupation often filled by an alien — 59 167 86 158 153 148 40 20

D. Russian writer (1809-1852) — 88 41 101 3 120

E. Height of a seawoman — 122 51 134 142 96 106 112 55 74 77

F. Party label at Charles II's Court — 125 113 149 83 109 132 80 16 168

G. River in U.S.S.R. flowing into Arctic Ocean — 152 114 42 62 169 133 89

H. Feather — 178 127 165 154 7 124

I. College in Ohio, established in 1832 — 2 4 18 33 82 85 22

J. Island group off Norwegian coast — 173 104 137 71 8 150 90

K. Scene of famous English horse race — 135 27 61 68 72 92 102 93 161 119

L. Retainers whose pay is probably not very high — 159 91 177 117 155 182

M. A pocket size magazine which many a schoolboy, in the 1920s, read while supposedly studying a large geography book — 129 164 170 141 157 57 105 63

N. One who relies on practical experience — 6 58 32 174 19 99 24

O. Deserts — 95 15 21 10 26 37

P. Verboten — 103 34 138 171 9 66 162 94 145

Q. Where the disciples were first called Christians — 23 64 163 172 73 49 180

R. TO METEOR — 53 111 147 156 11 175 76 50

S. A memorable event or date — 75 35 12 25 44

T. The superior of an abbey for men — 81 13 97 36 28

U. A play used in football — 110 87 130 65 39 176

V. Attribution of special importance — 45 115 179 60 100 29

W. To say after another — 79 31 52 98 121 126

X. Incensed — 144 136 128 43 184

Y. How army troops sometimes walk — 183 54 116 14 139 151 46 78 69

Z. What small boys used to roll (not bones!) — 30 47 131 107 143

a. An ancient member of the horsey set — 67 56 160 5 181 48

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 774 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

1 B	2 I		3 D	4 I	5 a	6 N	7 H	8 J	9 P	10 O	11 R		12 S	13 T	14 Y	15 O
16 F	17 A	18 I	19 N		20 C	21 O	22 I		23 Q	24 N	25 S	26 O	27 K	28 T		29 V
30 Z	31 W		32 N	33 I	34 P	35 S	36 T	37 O	38 B	39 U	40 C	41 D	42 G		43 X	44 S
45 V	46 Y		47 Z	48 a	49 Q	50 R		51 E		52 W	53 R	54 Y	55 E	56 a	57 M	58 N
	59 C	60 V	61 K	62 G	63 M	64 Q	65 U	66 P		67 a	68 K		69 Y	70 A	71 J	72 K
73 Q	74 E	75 S		76 R	77 E	78 Y		79 W	80 F	81 T	82 I		83 F	84 A		85 I
86 C	87 U	88 D	89 G	90 J	91 L	92 M		93 K	94 P	95 O	96 E	97 T	98 W	99 N	100V	101D
	102K	103P		104J	105M	106E		107Z	108A	109F	110U	111R	112E		113F	114G
115V	116Y	117L	118A	119K		120D	121W	122E		123A	124H	125F	126W		127H	128X
129M		130U	131Z	132F	133G	134E	135K	136X		137J	138P	139Y	140B	141M	142E	143Z
	144X	145P	146B	147R		148C	149F	150J		151Y	152G	153C	154H	155L	156R	
157M	158C	159L	160a	161K	162P		163Q	164M	165H		166B	167C	168F	169G	170M	171P
172Q	173J	174N	175R	176U		177L	178H		179V	180Q	181a	182L	183Y	184X		

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

JACK PAYNE is the editor and publisher of *Business Opportunities Digest,* which he founded in 1963. After earning his degree in Business Administration, Mr. Payne became research director, and business manager at several business magazines before launching his own publications business. He has authored hundreds of articles as well as a previous book—*Capital Sources—The Businessman's Source Manual of Finance.*

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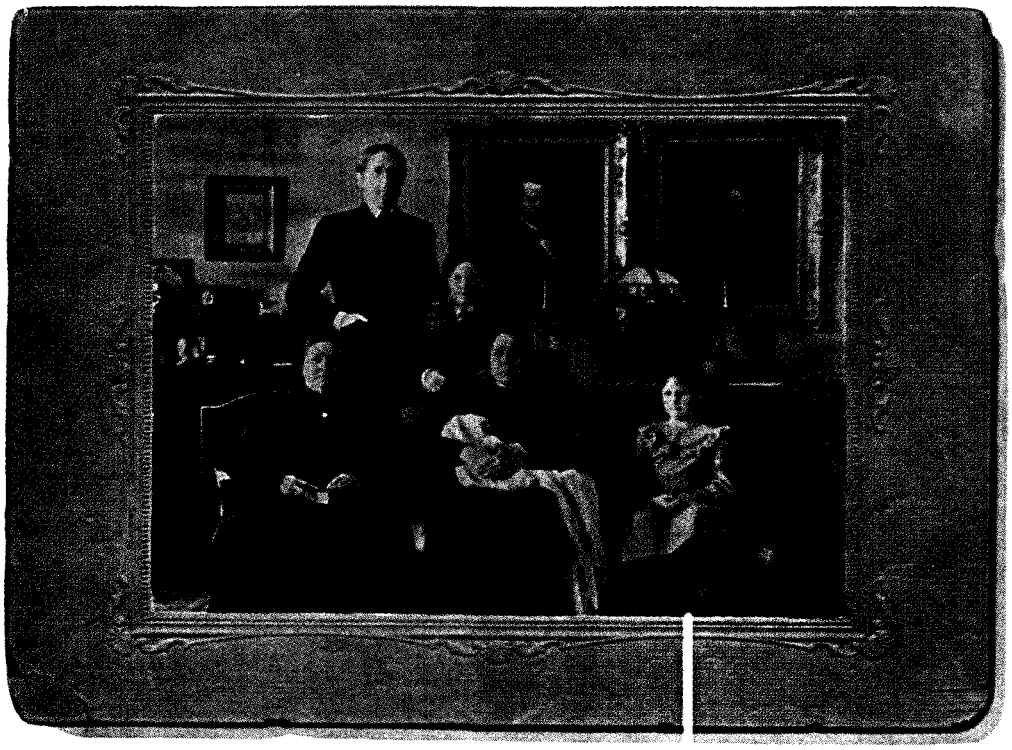
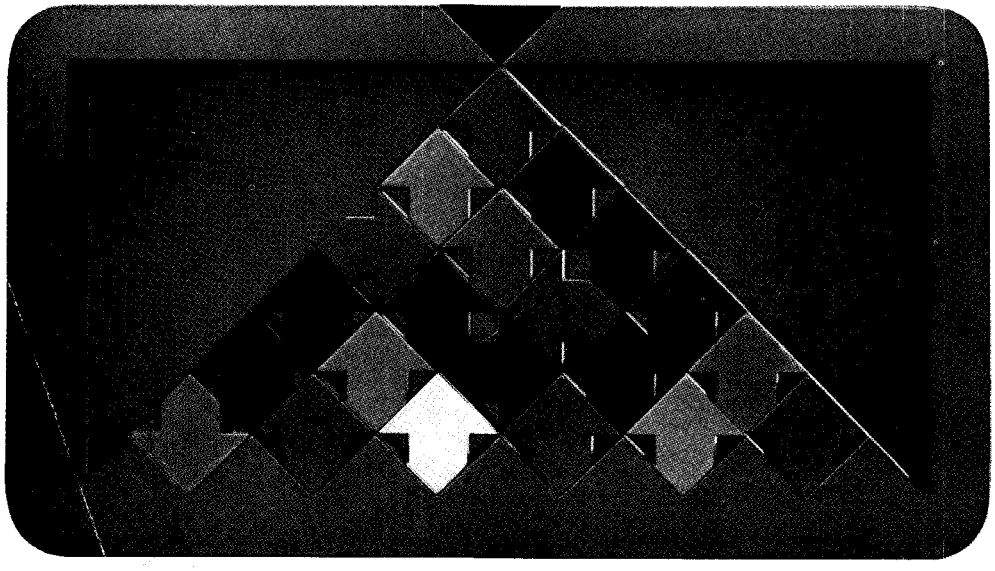


The real

Our election laws and traditions reflect the country as it was decades ago. The time has come to ask some basic questions.

How long should elected officials serve?
Is there still a need for the electoral college?
Should taxpayers foot the bill for election campaigns?
Does our present system truly provide one vote for each person?
Is our political structure so big that officials are too far from those who elect them?



artist: per vollquartz "government: triangle and people"

The ideal

A nation in which those elected truly represent the will of those who elected them– for the good of all.

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